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FOR MARCH 20, 1937

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Mail

No Timeditors We

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON—

I know how hard it is to get readers to sit down and tell you what they think about the merchandise you are delivering to them, so maybe it's my duty to tell you what one reader thinks of it:

1. The cover should change color every week.

2. The pages are crowded. The heads look very black and jammed because they have so much type close to them.

3. Your adult readers don't object to such articles as artificial insemination, but those articles are not reading matter for kids.

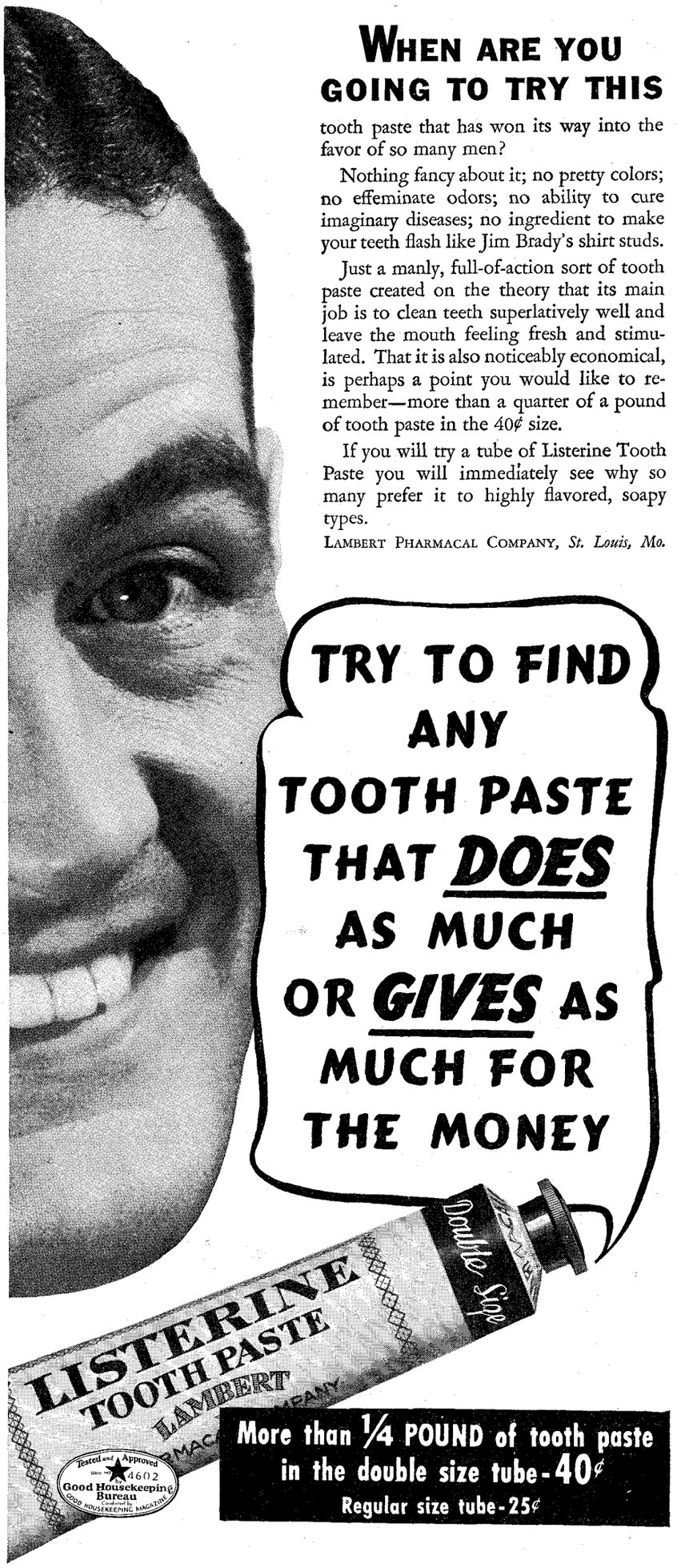
4. Wouldn't it be better for THE LITERARY DIGEST to continue as a model of English usage instead of slipping into Timestyle every now and then?

5. Could you give the sources of the information contained in your articles?

I can't tell you so easily all the good things about THE LITERARY DIGEST. As a source of information, it's swell; as a source of ideas, it's unmatchable. My copies of your magazine get clipped so much that the elevator man will no longer accept what's left with becoming gratitude. New York City.

1. Experts say "yes"; experts say "no." 2. Experts say "no"; experts say "yes." 3. THE DIGEST is edited for adults—and for children who intend to become adults. 4. THE DIGEST Editors write naturally. On those occasions

(Continued on page 39)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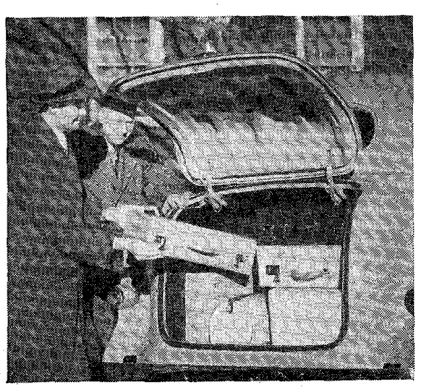

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK — MARCH 20, 1937

Topics of the day

NAZI EPITHETS AT U. S. SET NEW HIGH

Name-Calling Over LaGuardia Gibe Stirs Two Nations

Sticks and stones
Can break my bones,
But names can never hurt me.

Last week, it seems, names did hurt a number of Germans, and a number of Americans.

Fiorello H. LaGuardia, New York City's little Mayor, started it (LITERARY DIGEST, March 13). Mr. LaGuardia has spent a lifetime saying what he thought about all sorts of people, from the President of the United States on down to the lowliest Tammany ward-heeler. He has spent four years saying what he thought about Germany's *Fuehrer* Hitler.

But on March 3, addressing a luncheon of 1,200 Jewish women in New York, he remarked extemporaneously, anent a proposed "tolerance" exhibit at the 1939 New York World's Fair:

"I'd be glad to join in that appeal. . . . I'd have a Chamber of Horrors. And as a climax, I'd have in it a figure of that brown-shirted fanatic who is now menacing the peace of the world."

Altho he had mentioned no one by name, within twenty-four hours Dr. Hans Thomsen, Counselor of the German Embassy in Washington, was at the State Department protesting to James Clement Dunn, Chief of the Division of Western European Affairs, against the "insult" to the Third Reich's Dictator.

The United States Government was in no way involved, but nevertheless Secretary of State Cordell Hull promptly offered an apology, at the same time calling attention to the existence of free speech in this country.

To Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels, Nazi Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, Hitler's right-hand man and Editor of *Der Angriff*, official mouthpiece of the Nazi Labor Front, the suave Tennesseean's excuses seemed inadequate, the mention of free speech irrelevant.

Der Angriff combed the depths for epithets to hurl at the man who had proudly acknowledged that his mother was part Jewish, and the United States Embassy in Berlin dutifully clipped all of them out and cabled them to Washington. A somewhat shocked State Department declined to release the complete list to the American press, which had to fall back on what its correspondents could get past the cable companies. Thus, the nature of what was not printed on this side must be judged by the tenor of what was (see list).

But now the target broadened to include America and its people as well as LaGuardia the Mayor. The United States became a land of "gangsters and kidnapers" where the "shameless slavery of 50-cent taxi girls" went on unheeded—a civilization of "mammoth capitalism which rides heartlessly over 12,000,000 unemployed, freezing and starving to death.

Vituperation—Asserting that "explosive laughter will greet Rabbi Wise's assertion that National Socialism threatens civilization," *Der Angriff* plunged into a delighted orgy of vituperation:

"Perhaps the civilization of corruption

Nazi Bouquets

For years, the official Nazi press has abused certain European nationals and statesmen. In one brief week, the United States jumped into the lead in the number and variety of bad names. Following is a comparative, tho by no means comprehensive, list:

LAGUARDIA

"Dirty Talmud Jew."
"Procurer."
"Master of New York gangsters."
"Underworld character."
"Blackmailer."
"Jewish lout."
"Filthy character."
"Well poisoner."
"War profiteer."
"Impudent Jew."
"Jewish ruffian."
"Lummox."
"Pimp."
"King Kong."
"White slaver."
"Boob."
"Swamp-flower."
"Criminal."

AMERICA IN GENERAL

"Civilization of gangsters."
"Haven of kidnapers."
"Land of labor-union terror."
"Culture of lynch law."
"Mammoth capitalism which rides heartlessly by 12,000,000 unemployed freezing and starving to death in the gutters."
"Morass of corruption."
"Land of liberty for gangsters."
"Home of jazzing Negro women."

AMERICAN WOMEN IN PARTICULAR

"Prostitutes."
"Women fetched in off the streets."

RUSSIA'S STALIN

"Dreary Asiatic barbarian."

RUSSIA'S TROTZKY

"Illegitimate, hysterical Jew."

RUSSIA'S LITVINOV

"Terrorist."
"Jail-bird."
"Ex-bandit."

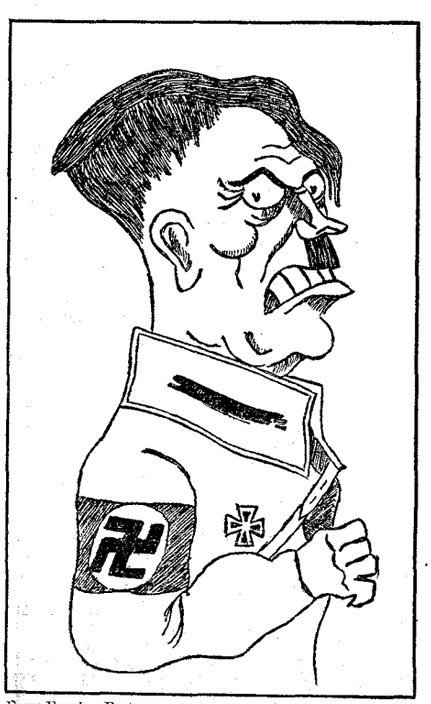
FRANCE'S BLUM

"Jewish dog-flower."

FRENCHMEN IN GENERAL

"Degenerates."*

*The word is not reserved for Frenchmen alone, the official German press having applied it to the nationals of at least nineteen countries since Hitler came to power.



From Evening Post
Adolf Hitler

From L'Humanite
Fiorello LaGuardia

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and repression, which has made the world's largest State a morass of corruption wherein only those with sufficient bribe-money can remain on top, is meant. Perhaps the culture of rubber clubs and the tear gas of heavily-armed Pinkertons in all American factories is meant. . . . Perhaps the civilization of banal soullessness in arts and jazzing Negro women is meant.

"This sort of civilization is not worth saving. Furthermore, it is not worth conquering."

Such attacks, which became almost "must" reading in Germany, were profusely illustrated with distorted and faked pictures showing: (1) LaGuardia surrounded by gangsters; (2) striking workers being clubbed and shot; (3) a group of chorus-girls "assembled by the master white-slaver, LaGuardia"; (4) Governor Lehman pardoning a Jewish criminal.

Amusement—Americans generally were more amused than incensed by this adult excursion into the realm of street-gamin ten-times-anything-you-call-me. Especially amusing were the charges that Americans habitually sat with their feet on the table, and spat gum past visiting Germans' ears in movie-palaces.

But one thing was not in the least amusing:

Goebbels's paper had said that the Jewish leaders to whom the Mayor had spoken were "women of the streets fetched in to be entertained by the procurer LaGuardia."

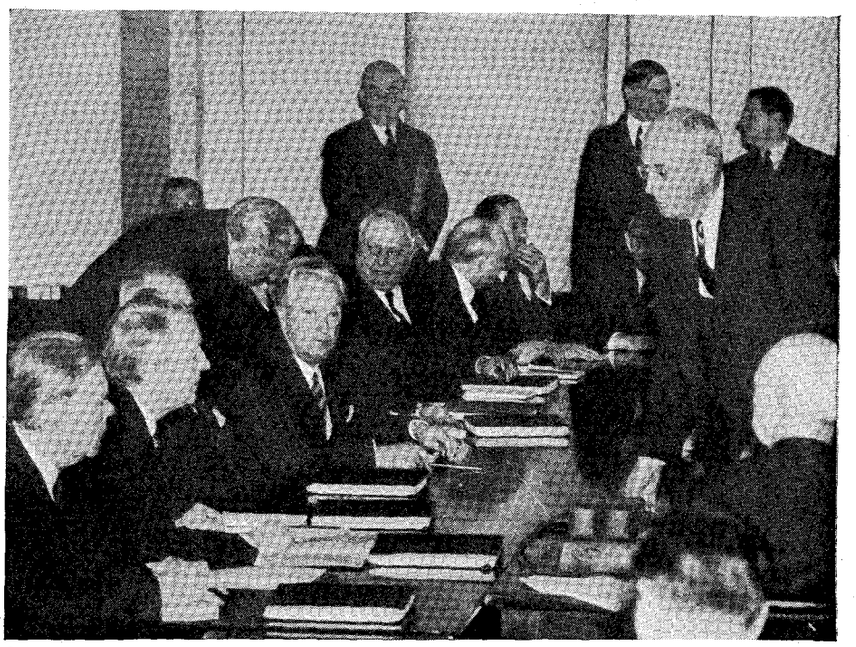
To Secretary Hull, Mrs. Stephen S. Wise, wife of the prominent New York Rabbi, promptly addressed a letter:

"We assume that you will call the attention of the American Ambassador in Berlin to this insult levied at 1,200 American women, exercising their right of free speech."

Mr. Hull did, and Ambassador William E. Dodd lost no time in knocking at Foreign Minister Baron Konstantin von Neurath's door. The latter, an old-school statesman and reluctant Nazi convert, kept the American waiting one whole day while Nazi conservatives and radicals wrangled over whether to snub him, recant or call the whole thing a draw. On Friday, the Baron heard Washington's emphatic protest, stammered his own personal regrets, informed Ambassador Dodd that the Nazi Government was not disposed to apologize for "heroic German anger." The Ambassador's protest was excluded from the German press, which nevertheless ceased its attacks. The case was closed, the Wilhelmstrasse announced.

Swastika Here—But it was not closed on this side the Atlantic. In Washington, Rep. Samuel Dickstein, of New York, charged that "Nazi rats, spies and agents are recruiting and drilling uniformed and armed groups in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan." He added that every Sunday 2,500 Hitlerites drilled beneath the swastika banner at Camp Upton, Long Island, where the famed Seventy-Seventh (Liberty) Division trained in 1917 for its subsequent clash with German troops in the Argonne, and that streets in the camp had been named after Hitler, Goering and other Nazi nabobs. Final thrust was that Fritz Kuhn, Ford Motor Company chemist, was the leader of American Nazis.

In Detroit, Kuhn, President of the Amerika-Deutscher Volksbund, avowedly sympathetic to Hitlerism, promptly retorted:



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First witness in defense of the President's Court plan . . . Homer S. Cummings (right) appears before the Senate Judiciary Committee

"Dickstein, not I, is one of the country's biggest enemies. I think he is a spy for Soviet Russia. Dickstein is a Jew born in Russia."

Seldom has the United States Government made diplomatic representations to a foreign Power because of press attacks on it or its citizens. What altered the case with Germany was that there, according to Berlin's own proud admission, the press is entirely controlled by the Government. The feeling that there was more behind the fury and scope of the latest Nazi outburst than mere coincidence was as apparent to the State Department as it was to the New York *Times* correspondent, who cabled:

"There is reason to believe that the present outburst is less spontaneous than might appear. Critics of the Hitler regime of all nationalities have been recently subjected to violent attacks for some well-conceived propagandistic end. . . . The whole campaign's main theme has been the assertion that world Jews have been organizing a great crusade against Germany."

Ambassador Dodd made it plain to Baron von Neurath that the entire American Nation shared the injury.

COURT PLEA TO PUBLIC:

Roosevelt Plays Trusted Aces as the Battle Goes On

Will it go through?

Five weeks of spirited pro and con debate have left little to be said on the Great Issue of 1937 but have not answered that question. Whether or not the United States Supreme Court is to be enlarged by one new Justice for each of the six now over seventy, as the President desires, still remains for a jittery Congress to decide.

To force the enactment of his program in substantially the same form as he projected it on February 5, Franklin D. Roosevelt last week pulled an ace out of his sleeve—the same card he has played on seven previous occasions: a direct appeal by radio for popular support.

As in his speech at the Democratic Victory dinner two weeks ago, he referred frequently to "the mandate given us," to his desire "to make American democracy succeed." As in that speech also, he made no mention of his original contention—subsequently riddled by alert Washington reporters—that more and younger Justices were needed to help the Court keep up with its work.

Argument—With the forthrightness of a man angrily aware that his motives have been impugned, he built his case for judicial reorganization. With comparable emphasis, an excited press sat on his arguments, or stanchly supported them. Thus:

Roosevelt: "I want to talk with you very simply about the need . . . to meet the unanswered challenge of one-third of a nation ill-nourished, ill-clad, ill-housed. . . . The dangers of 1929 are again becoming possible, not this week or month perhaps, but within a year or two."

Columnist Walter Lippmann: "Can he cure the poverty of the Southern tenant farmer in a year or two? Can he bring the lowest wages up to an American standard in a year or two? . . . If the only way to avert another 1929 within a year or two is to rehouse one-third of the nation, then Mr. Roosevelt can not avert another 1929. For he can not answer that challenge in a year or two tho he had the powers of Mussolini and Stalin combined . . ."

Roosevelt: "Our difficulty with the Court to-day rises not from the Court as an institution but from human beings within it. . . ."

Hartford *Courant:* "That is, the Court as an institution is all right, but most of the Judges now sitting on the bench are all wrong. They have been positively inhuman with some of my laws. Let me appoint the Judges and the Court will become the very apple of my eye. . . ."

New York *Post:* "The conservative majority that blocks his program . . . dates back as far as the election of 1908. . . . They

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reflect the ideas of past eras in our history . . ."

Roosevelt: "It would take months or years to get substantial agreement upon the type and language of an amendment. It would take months and years thereafter to get a two-thirds majority in favor of that amendment in both Houses of the Congress. . . ."

New York *Times:* "We come again to the question of what emergency requires the President to act in haste; why it is necessary for his Administration to obtain new powers in addition to the abundant powers it already has, without referring this proposal to the people. . . ."

Farley's Whip—On other fronts, other New Dealers continued to fight the President's battle. Before 3,000 people assembled at the University of North Carolina, James A. Farley cracked the whip over the heads of Opposition Democrats in the House and Senate with: "It seems to me that the incident of the reorganization plan comes directly into the class of those matters on which party loyalty should be the guiding principle." The Senate would have to confirm all new appointments to the Court, Mr. Farley added, so there could be no Presidential abuse of power. He failed to state whether he might not again brandish his whip to obtain confirmation for the Presidential appointees.

But the Democratic National Chairman's blunt request for party discipline in no wise diminished the intensity of an attack on Court-enlargement by three Democratic Senators at a mass meeting in New York City. David I. Walsh of Massachusetts came out against the proposal for the first time with the assertion that "from one end of the land to the other, there is a state of fear, of apprehension, of bewilderment, of real grief . . . to an extent that has not existed since the Civil War, as a result of the proposal to impair, if not, indeed, to destroy, the judicial independence of the Supreme Court."

Edward R. Burke of Nebraska thought it "no exaggeration to say that constitutional democracy in America has a rendezvous with death." And the New Yorker, Royal S. Copeland, added: ". . . the American people gave no mandate to alter the Constitution by usurpation."

Hearing—Meanwhile, Henry F. Ashurst's Senate Judiciary Committee had assembled eighteen-strong in the marble caucus-room of the Senate Office Building to conduct open hearings on S-1392, the bill embodying the President's proposal. The first pro-Administration witness was Attorney General Homer S. Cummings. After submitting in defense of Court-enlargement a lengthy paraphrase of the Roosevelt arguments (during the course of which he swallowed a wad of chewing-gum), Mr. Cummings smiled his way through an hour of cross-questioning from Opposition Senators. Highlights of the give-and-take:

Mr. Cummings: "I would be perfectly content to live under the kind of law we are getting from Brandeis, Cardozo and Stone."

Senator Borah: "Does that include the National Recovery Act?"

Senator Burke: "You feel that it is entirely proper to appoint six Justices known to have 'liberal, forward-looking' views?"

Mr. Cummings: "Not only proper but highly desirable."

Senator Burke: "Then if there were a change of sentiment, would not a conservative President be justified in adding six more members with his own views?"

Mr. Cummings: "It would be a strange appointing-power and a strange Administration that did not appoint men sympathetic to the Administration. I am not disturbed so much about precedents as about the present situation. Future generations should be left to take care of their own affairs; we should take care of the present."

"Torture"—The following day, Robert H. Jackson, youthful Assistant Attorney General and a possible appointee to the Court if the President has his way, appeared before the Committee to present the Administration's No. 1 argument against a Constitutional Amendment:

"Judges who resort to a tortured construction of the Constitution may torture an Amendment. You can not amend a state of mind, a mental attitude of hostility to exercise of governmental power and of indifference to the demands which democracy, attempting to survive industrialism, makes upon its Government."

It was difficult to determine last week, as it has been ever since judicial reorganization became a national controversy, whether the tide of public opinion was flowing toward the White House or away from it. No less than twenty-five committees, societies and political organizations have gone aggressively into the business of telling Congress what the masses think of the Great Issue. The National Lawyers Guild, Labor's Non-Partizan League, the American Labor Party, and the new National Committee for Clarifying the Constitution by Amendment are among those giving the anti-Court interpretation.

A host of new groups have blossomed forth to encircle the Justices with protecting arms and to whip up conservative sentiment. Impressive titles in the list: Women's National Committee for "Hands Off the Supreme Court," Committee of Safety, League Opposed to the Remaking of the Supreme Court, Vanguard of Liberty, Citizens' Supreme Court Protective Committee.

Congress—When Senators and Representatives tore themselves away from the task of replying to the bombardment of form letters from these groups last week, they discussed at length the possibility of a compromise substitute for Court-enlargement. Most of them talked amendment, and should Congress decide ultimately to turn in this direction it will find a deluge of suggestions. Senator Ashurst said recently that he knew of at least twenty-two proposed amendments designed to modify the power of the Court. Since more than fifteen have been introduced in the House alone, the total is probably close to fifty.

Prominent are Senator Wheeler's plan permitting Congress to overrule a Court decision, Senator O'Mahoney's requiring concurrence of two-thirds of the Court, Senator Burke's compelling Federal Judges to retire at seventy-five, Senator Borah's redefining the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, Representative Eicher's giving Congress the right to regulate wages and hours in industry, and Senator Pittman's increasing the size of the Court permanently to fifteen members (especially designed to placate legislators who fear that President Roosevelt's proposal will set a precedent for his successors).

Will S-1392 go through? There was no concrete evidence last week to show that the President's two forays on behalf of his bill had won converts in the Senate. Indeed, in Kansas City, one hard-hitting opponent, Sen. Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri flouted the idea of party discipline in the most spirited speech that has yet been delivered by either side.

Roar—"It has been said," Mr. Clark roared, "that I shall destroy my political future by my stand. But it is such an important question that no individual's future is worthy of consideration. I would rather put my back to a blank wall and be shot than vote for the President's proposal. . . .

"Nothing can be gained by attacking the President on the ground that he has ulterior motives. The President is following his oath as he interprets it. . . . The bald, naked proposal remains, that it is necessary to add members to the Court to put through legislation for a particular program. . . .

"Altho I do not believe the Supreme Court is sacrosanct, I would regard the opinions of a picked, packed Court on a position of law with the same lack of respect that I would regard the opinion of a kept woman on a question of virtue."

With a dozen Senators still not committed and the rest of the upper chamber evenly split on S-1392, observers could make only wild guesses as to whether the bill would finally go through. Observed Gerald P. Nye, who cautiously waited a full month before allying himself with the Opposition:

"My guess is that the President is beaten."

HAPPY LEWIS: The C.I.O. Chief Optimistically Looks Toward New Victories

"The situation speaks for itself."

John L. Lewis was cheerful and optimistic last Sunday morning. Speaking from his quarters at the Hotel St. Regis, New York, the leader of the Committee for Industrial Organization sketched for THE LITERARY DIGEST a favorable outlook when asked about the national labor picture.

That Lewis had returned to New York for the conferences of the United Mine Workers and the operators of the Appalachian soft-coal mines aroused suspicion that he was *en route* to another victory. Attendants at the meetings indicated that shortly Lewis would announce the signing of a new agreement for his 300,000 miners, whose present contract with the coal companies expires April 1.

"There's nothing I can say definitely yet about that agreement, however," Lewis stated. "But what I said yesterday about that other matter still stands. You can quote me on it."

Lewis referred to the split between the C.I.O. and the American Federation of Labor. Amid the hundreds of strikes which cropped up throughout the country, one issue loomed paramount: which way would workers go?

"Mr. Green and his associates suspended these ten unions (C.I.O. affiliates), with nearly 1,500,000 members, from the A.F.L.," Lewis said. "In every practical respect that suspension is equivalent to expulsion. Mr. Green has driven us from

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home and we are now erecting our own shelter."

Rift—National interest followed every move of the rising labor leader. Washington observers believed that his sudden catapulting into front-page prominence had not entirely pleased the White House. Also, that Lewis was suspicious these days, not as confident of President Roosevelt's support as he had been five months ago.

Smoldering for more than a year, the breach between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. became so wide that not even the optimistic saw any chance for possible reconciliation. President William Green of the former organization called desperately for advice from his cohorts. The A.F.L. would invade the steel industry, too. But—every move of the fifty-year-old parent organization was followed by a jump from the John L. Lewis group.

John P. Frey, President of the Metal Trades Department, upon request, visited Pittsburgh. The company union of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation wanted to know how to organize a committee that could deal quickly and effectively with the management. He suggested the "horizontal" craft union set-up of the A.F.L. The company union rejected this.

Then the C.I.O. announced that it would issue certificates of affiliation to national, international, State, regional and city central labor bodies and local groups "whenever it is deemed that such action is advisable."

Where students six weeks ago had been thumbing history pages to find the origin of sit-down strikes, they now occupied themselves with seeking a parallel for the C.I.O.-A.F.L. breach. This wasn't such a hard job, as the rise of national labor organizations in the last century provided a similar case.

Labor Knights—Fifty years ago the Knights of Labor were the workers' champions. Formed in 1869 by ten Philadelphia garment cutters amid secrecy and ritual, they sought to organize, direct and educate the 'industrial masses." By 1886 the organization's membership was 703,000. Its principal coup was a successful strike against the Union Pacific Railroad.

But in 1881 a number of workers weren't satisfied. The noble Knights weren't modern enough. So the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions was formed. Three years later, members of the junior group held their Chicago convention on October 7, 1884. They adopted a resolution:

"Resolved . . . that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's labor from and after May 1, 1886, and that we recommend to labor organizations throughout this jurisdiction that they so direct their laws as to conform to this resolution by the time named."

Treason! shouted older laborites. Such radical thoughts must not enter the minds of the American working man. So orders went out to local offices that approval of the eight-hour working-day would bring about expulsion.

Treason or not—the following eight years saw the membership of the Knights of Labor shrink from 703,000 to 175,000; simultaneously, the junior radical group increased its membership from 50,000 to 250,000.

Now that junior of 1894 is the senior. Under the name of the American Federation of Labor it has more than 100 craft unions enrolled, some 2,400,000 members. The powerful United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners with 300,000 members heads the list, with thirteen other groups claiming above 50,000 members. In addition are the State Federations of Labor and the 734 city central bodies.

Radical—Everything was going along all right with the A.F.L. until October, 1935, when, at Atlantic City, John L. Lewis asked the organization to broaden its views. He suggested that it allow unionization of the mass production industries on a one-big-union basis—"vertical" unions.

Outrageous! shouted conservatives. Such radical ideas must not be put into the heads of honest American workers. How dare this upstart Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America, suggest such theories! When executives at the convention turned thumbs down, Lewis resigned as Vice-President of the A.F.L., launched the C.I.O.

In the following eleven months, nine other organizations sensed something likable about the C.I.O. and joined it. By this time conservative William Green began to see that trouble might be in the offing for the A.F.L. if something wasn't done about this upstart organization. He told Lewis to stop fooling around, come back into the fold and be a nice boy.

Lewis refused. Then on September 5, 1936, he was tried, in *absentia*, by elder Green and suspended along with the ten C.I.O. unions.

At first it was believed the suspended members would come crawling back to the parent organization and beg forgiveness. The membership of the ten suspended unions totaled 1,016,800, or 28.6 per cent. of the A.F.L.'s entire membership of 3,542,000 at that time.

While Green and his associates waited for their straying babes to return, John L. Lewis plodded along, aided by a company of astute field-managers who scoured the nation.

Headaches—The rest of the story is 1937 history; a series of alleged triumphs for C.I.O.; one headache after another for William Green and the A.F.L.

The eight-months' rise of the C.I.O. has been heralded as little short of sensational. Membership jumped from 1,016,800 to a claimed 1,750,000. Every week new unions are reported as eager to join the rebellious junior organization.

William Green, A.F.L. President (lower left), maps campaign to stop John L. Lewis

Automobiles, steel, and coal. In these three fields Lewis plodded on. It was slow work; even delegates of the United Automobile Workers objected at certain phases of the final six-months' agreement reached by negotiators with General Motors.

In the approved statement, the union abandoned its demands for a minimum wage and a thirty-hour week. General Motors representatives also made it clear—once and for all—that the corporation gave the union recognition for its own members only and not as the sole bargaining agency for General Motors employees.

On this front the automobile workers widened the field but found more opposition than in the steel industry. Chrysler, Hudson and Reo Motor Companies were new targets. Chrysler is the second of the "big three" to be approached for organization of its workers. The company refused to recognize the union as sole bargaining agent for its workers; 6,000 men staged a stay-in strike in twelve plants: the company sought an injunction.

Bickering—Seventy-five thousand workers were laid off while the company and the union argued over which "t's" were to be crossed, which "i's" to be dotted.

Having gone south to recover from his eighteen-hour-day vigils as mediator in the General Motors strike, red-haired Gov. Frank Murphy of Michigan was all set to bask in the sun.

Criticized and praised alternately for his handling of the strike in January and February, Murphy dropped his bathing-suit, hopped back to Michigan.

He arranged a "Committee of twenty," representing labor, capital and civic organizations. With them he planned to confer, try to halt labor disturbances in Michigan.

CAPITAL KITCHENS:

Cuisine Conversation Tides Washingtonians Over Lenten Season

Washington's small-talk specialists were again thankful to the White House last week. At the height of the Lenten tongue-wagging drought, President Roosevelt grumbled audibly about the amount of salt fish on his breakfast trays. Like angry thunder, his words rolled down past the twenty-three servants in the White House kitchen, done over several years ago at the cost of more than $150,000.

Hastening back to the scene of gustatory rebellion, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt discovered that broiled calves' liver and bacon also appeared too frequently at lunch-time. Speedily and ingeniously, she whipped together twenty menus destined to keep White House meals in a flurry of variety, thus using the $1,000 monthly food budget to the best advantage.

Immediately, throughout Washington, chefs and hostesses grabbed pencils to see if they could substitute recipes if another food monotony ever prevailed at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Variety—Over at the Italian Embassy, short, rotund Alessandro Sabatini, most meticulous of chefs, stormed around his clean, modern kitchen with the eighteen-burner stove. Waving a brass skillet, he averred that his was "the bes' dama spaghet' in all Washington" and whereas it might not do for the President's break-

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fast, he was sure, once tasted, the dish would never become monotonous.

Argentine—Señor Don Felipe A. Espil, Argentine Ambassador, has a favorite delicacy which might come in handy on any luncheon menu. It is *Carbonada a la Criolla*—Créole Stew (for four):

Prepare fresh or cooked beef for stew, by cutting into half-inch cubes, browning slightly in butter, with dusting of flour; chop very fine two big onions, three green peppers, and six tomatoes peeled; fry in oil, beginning first with the onion and one pepper and adding the rest; add chopped beef (or veal) and an equal quantity of white potatoes cut into squares; cook on hot fire until juice is consumed. Then add sweet potatoes if desired, as well as peas and corn; add tomato extract until mixture has rich color; when the vegetables are half-cooked and chopped, add half-ripe peaches, enough to make about one-quarter the amount of meat; add salt and pepper to taste, cook on slow fire.

Austrian—When they're not busy eating *wiener schnitzel* with potato salad, *apfelstrudel* or *topfenstrudel* with Dutch cheese, members of the Austrian Legation dote on Viennese *Risotto*—favorite recipe of Frau Edgar Prochnik, wife of the Minister (for six):

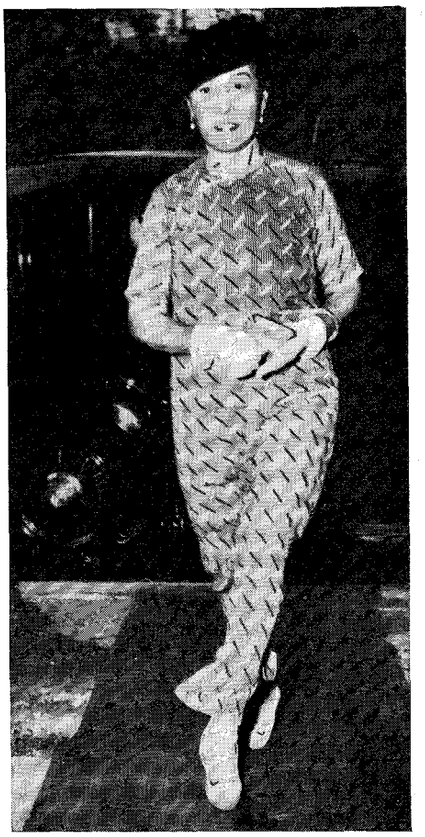
This consists of ⅓ cupful rice; three tablespoonfuls of butter; ½ cupful canned tomatoes; chicken livers; ½ cupful cold cooked chicken in diced pieces; white stock, salt and cayenne. Cook rice in boiling, salted water; drain; pour hot water over to rinse; heat omelet pan; add butter; when melted, add rice; cook three minutes; add tomatoes, chicken livers chopped, and enough stock to moisten; cook five minutes; season and serve.

Egyptian—Abdel Rahim Selim, chef at the Egyptian Legation, has Egyptian chicken and mushrooms (for eight):

Consists of one large, tender chicken, cut in pieces, washed and dried; ½ pound onions, sliced thin; and the addition of 1½ pounds of mushrooms, peeled, cut in halves, and well-washed; ½ pound of butter; juice of ½ lemon; ½ tablespoonful flour mixed with cold water. Fry onions in butter until brown; add the chicken; cook for twenty minutes; add mushrooms; season to taste; add lemon juice; add water to cover; cook until chicken is half done; add thickening; place in casserole; put casserole in shallow pan of water; bake in moderate oven one hour, serve hot.

The Cuban Embassy is proud of its *ajaico* (pea soup):

Consists of a good cut of roast pork with no bones; spine and pork bones, Argentine jerked beef and all kinds of vegetables. One must have an olla or big casserole. First put in the pork bones, the spine, the pork and the jerked beef, which must first be freshened; when this soup has boiled sufficiently and is steaming, add the vegetables, finely diced, and break cobs of green corn into two or three pieces. The vegetables should be added in the following order: First the yucca, the corn and the arum, which take the longest time to reach tenderness; add green plantains and squash (only a small quantity), potatoes, sweet potatoes and ripe plantains. While cooking, mixture should be well-covered with water. Fry together large quantity of onions, garlic, tomato, green pepper, parsley and sweet chili in lard; add to the *ajaico;* season with salt and pepper. Mash the squash in a mortar; add it slowly



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Madame Sze has prize recipe for imperial duck

to the stew. If desired, juice of a lime may be added.

Brazilian—A dessert which especially pleases Señor Oswaldo Aranha, Ambassador of Brazil, is *sopa dourada*—golden soup (for eight):

Dice a loaf of bread; fry it in butter and let drip; then put for a moment in clarified sugar which is at boiling-point. When sugar becomes thick, add eighteen egg-yolks, always stirring with spoon, over slow fire. After mixture is blended, add cinnamon on top.

If the White House should require further menus, the new French Ambassador, Georges Etienne Bonnet, knows a lot about *bouillabaisse*, onion or *poireaux* soup, or any kind of game and fowl, particularly grouse, pheasant and partridge.

The Argentine Embassy likes *Empanadas* (meat pasties); the Belgians prefer *waterzoie de volaille;* the Chileans are proud of *charquican.* Madame Sze, wife of the Minister of China, has a pet recipe for imperial duck, while the Hungarian Legation's kitchen features cottage cheese noodles and calves' brains pancakes.

And for a substantial dessert, the chef at the German Embassy offers *streussel-kuchen.*

GOVERNMENT RUM: Virgin Island Products Made and Marketed by Washington

Literally and figuratively, rum was a headache for the United States Government from 1920 until 1933. Hottest spot in the government service was the Prohibition Bureau.

Presidents Harding and Coolidge ignored the issue. President Hoover shelved it by a "fact finding" commission, the majority of which disagreed with its formal conclusions.

Then came Repeal.

Now, somewhat shyly and diffidently, *Uncle Sam,* in an unexpected phase of the New Deal, is going directly into the liquor business.

Whether the headache likely to result from this will be caused by the fury of the Prohibition element or the rage of private distillers faced with government competition is any one's guess.

The entire situation results from a laudable desire of the Administration to do something to relieve the dire poverty of almost all the 26,051 inhabitants of the Virgin Islands, the nation's last venture in colonial imperialism.

Relief Money—On March 10 editors throughout the country seized upon the announcement of W. A. Taylor & Company of New York that, starting April 15, it would distribute Virgin Island rum nationally. Distilling of this rum has been financed by a $2,500,000 work-relief appropriation, authorized quietly in 1934, giving work directly to 1,000 Virgin Islanders, indirectly to 700 more.

The distilling has been done by the Virgin Islands Company, a Government-owned corporation of which Boyd Brown, former Vice-Governor of the Islands, is President; Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, Board Chairman; Lawrence M. Cramer, present Governor, and Dr. Ernest Gruening, Director of the Interior Department's Division of Territories and Island Possessions, Directors.

On hand, the company has 34,000 gallons of 1934 vintage, 235,000 gallons of '35 and 239,000 gallons made last year. The Taylor company expects to sell 150,000 cases annually through 500 distributers.

That there has been any secrecy about the government rum venture was a thought abhorrent to Mr. Taylor, despite the fact that until now none of the 500-odd Washington correspondents on the trail for two years had nosed out this succulent news item.

Main Business—Economic conditions in the Virgin Islands have been a sore if minor point with the United States Government since the advent of Prohibition in 1920 destroyed the flourishing rum traffic that was then the main industrial reliance of the population. In 1931, President Hoover called national attention to the plight of the Islanders when, after a visit there, he described the Possession as an "effective poorhouse."

There is a somewhat Britannic touch to the matter in the choice of some twenty-six names suggested for the new product. It will be marketed as "Government House Rum" with a pretty picture of palm-trees, a landlocked harbor and a sailing ship at the top of the label.

Dry leaders were not backward in voicing indignation.

Protests—Said Fred A. Victor, New York State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League: "There is no moral difference between selling the public virtue for a price and owning and operating the permitted thing. Both must be condemned in law and morals." Edward B. Dunford, Anti-Saloon League Attorney, sees ". . . unfair competition with traffic the Government has licensed." Bishop Ralph S. Cushman

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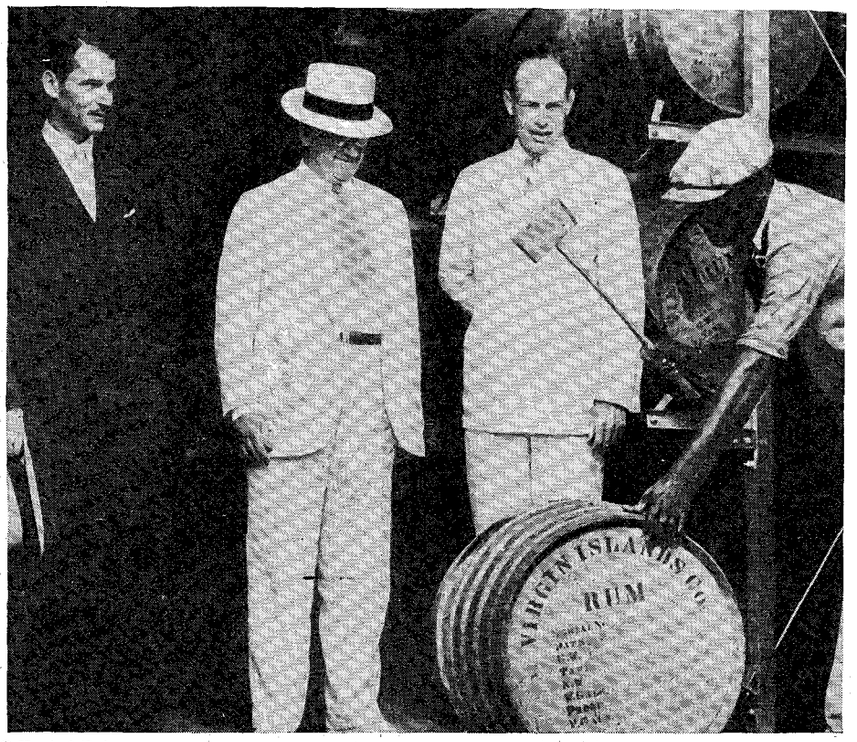

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Company executives in Uncle Sam's new liquor business, Lawrence Cramer, Harold Ickes, Boyd Brown, inspect one of the thousands of barrels ready for shipment

of the Methodist Episcopal Church thinks the American people will demand "an honest explanation of this adventure into the liquor business on the part of our Government."

Ernest H. Cherrington of the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Public Morals, wires from Columbus, Ohio, that "Government's entry into manufacture and sale under 'Government House' label evidently means intensive promotion of consumption. This will greatly accelerate the trend which already threatens to make Americans the world's greatest drinkers." Methodist Bishop Charles W. Flint of Atlanta, Georgia, wiring the day after his State had rejected repeal at the polls, can see no practical difference between having the Government engage in the liquor traffic directly and share in it by taxation. The National W.C.T.U. insists that "a product which demoralizes . . . brings poverty and degradation to vast numbers should not carry the stamp of government approval."

F. Scott McBride, little heard from these days but one of the stormy petrels of the prohibition period, declares the whole affair "disgraces *Uncle Sam*" and makes him "both a distiller and a saloon-keeper."

Herald Tribune Photo—Steffen

Exhibit A . . . government rum from Virgin Islands

UTAH MYSTIC: Strange Cult Awaits Return to Life of Woman Dead Two Years

Divine guidance led Mrs. Marie M. Ogden into bleakly barren southeastern Utah. Divine power, she insists, will bring back Mrs. Edith Peshak from the realm of the dead.

As High Priestess of the Home of Truth, Mrs. Ogden rules over three 640-acre tracts half-way between Monticello and Moab. Three other women and eight men dwell in communal simplicity, cooking in their community kitchen, eating around one long table and worshiping together amid sand and sage-brush somewhat reminiscent of the Holy Land.

The cultists do not appear to know exactly when their colleague, dead two years, will return, but all are sure that she "presently will be restored to life."

Mystic Rites—Tales of mystic rites at dawn called in the Sheriff of San Juan County, who toted no six-shooter, but brought a doctor from Moab to deal with complaints that it was insanitary to keep a corpse in a dwelling-place.

Finding the body in a perfect state of preservation, medico and Sheriff went away without interfering, tho the law says a body may not be kept unburied. Old-timers had this answer: Utah's dry climate preserved the cadaver. "Many mummies have been found in the Southwest," said an old prospector.

Then, one day, word got around that the body had disappeared. Scoffers said the cultists had buried their dead. Their High Priestess replied:

"The body was moved in order that we could live in peace. The spiritual work with the body has been continued and will go on. I'm more convinced than ever that I shall bring back life.

"Where and how this work is done we may not say until it's completed. I can say, however, that I'm in constant contact with her and hold conversation with her even now."

Belief—Predicting downfall of this world's greedy, materialistic civilization, the smartly dressed forty-eight-year-old High Priestess's blue eyes rolled as she revealed:

"The collapse will come within a few years, both from natural causes such as floods and other catastrophes and through revolutions and wars. It's for that day that the Home of Truth is preparing."

Living on three square miles around Photograph Gap owned by their spiritual leader, cultists have twenty-five buildings, including houses and barns. There is no live stock, but a few chickens are raised. Cultists share the work and income from their land and all work on the San Juan *Record*, Monticello's weekly newspaper owned by Mrs. Ogden and edited by Charles A. Reay.

Their rules are temperance and serene living under two commandments: Love thy God and love thy neighbor. To follow these simple rules, Mrs. Ogden traded high social position at Newark, New Jersey, for peace in a new wilderness.

LYNCH LAW: Congress Toys with Wagner-Van Nuys Anti-lynching Bill

Laconic political observers often bemoan that whenever Congressmen flirt with liberalism, their initial gesture is to introduce an antilynching bill.

Submerged in Supreme Court speculation, the seventy-fifth Congress already has been swamped with such bills. Since the first Representative thumped into his seat early in January, more than fifty bills have wiggled into the House hopper, more are anticipated every day.

Unofficial statisticians in Capitol corridors list antilynch measures as "reg'lars" along with the bills annually introduced to make Pulaski day an annual holiday; often heard of, seldom followed through.

Presidents Wilson, Harding and Coolidge urged antilynch legislation. In 1933, President Roosevelt publicly reproved the late Governor Rolph of California for "approving disrespect of the law" in the San José mob violence.

At present, the Wagner-Van Nuys Bill is in the offing, stands a fighting chance. Like similar measures at other sessions, it is "a bill for the better assurance of the protection of persons within the several States from mob violence and lynching, and for other purposes."

Negro Vote—Reason for a possible switch in government sentiment for the 1937 proposal is that the Negro vote is now solidly in the Democratic column, can exercise wide political power. From the border

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States of the South, influential newspapers are likewise favoring its passage.

Government leaders expected to argue pro and con on the issue express divergent views:

Says Sen. Robert Wagner: "The rising sentiment in favor of a Federal anti-lynching law admits no sectional bounds."

Says Sen. William Borah: "I believe in the objective. I believe in what this bill would like to accomplish. But to my mind, this bill completely annihilates State sovereignty. . . . I do not regard it as a sectional bill, but I do regard it as in conflict with the most fundamental principles upon which this Republic rests, and in violation of the spirit and purpose of our dual system of Government."

Says Rep. Arthur W. Mitchell, only Negro member of Congress: "States fighting passage of a Federal law are doing nothing themselves to stamp out lynching."

Says Sen. Henry F. Ashurst, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee: "I am opposed to lynching. I am in favor of legislation making lynching a Federal offense."

Says Rep. Hatton W. Sumners, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee: "I am opposed to the antilynching bills, not because I favor lynching, but because I am opposed to lynching. The progress being made under State and local county responsibility in the development of public opinion and public purpose, is a most favorable indication with regard to crime suppression."

No Hearings—Like many other lawmakers from below the Mason and Dixon Line, the Texan does not want to see the authority for *lex talionis* taken from the South, placed in Washington. Sumners makes no bones about the fact that there will be no hearings on the Wagner-Van Nuys bill if he can help it. On the other hand, Rep. Hamilton Fish, Jr., has already started a petition to discharge the issue from committee.

According to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, unflagging supporters of antilynch legislation, 261 Congressmen have signified their support of adequate Federal jurisdiction in this question.

From this organization and the Department of Research at Tuskegee Institute further facts are available on the subject.

There have been 5,106 lynchings in the United States since 1882; ninety-nine victims have been women. From 1919 to 1936 inclusive, twenty-five persons were roasted alive and twenty burned after the victims were lynched.

Only one-sixth of the victims have ever been accused of any sort of sex crime. Approximately 200 victims have been proved to be innocent after their deaths.

In 99.2 per cent. of the deaths, no lynchers have been convicted.

So far, in 1937, there had been but a single lynching; an eighteen-year-old Negro at Abbeyville, Alabama. In 1936, there were nine: five in Georgia, two in Arkansas, one apiece in Florida and Mississippi. This is the smallest yearly number on record; the highest, 250, in 1892.

Texas, Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana have been the leading sites, whereas New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont have never known a lynching.

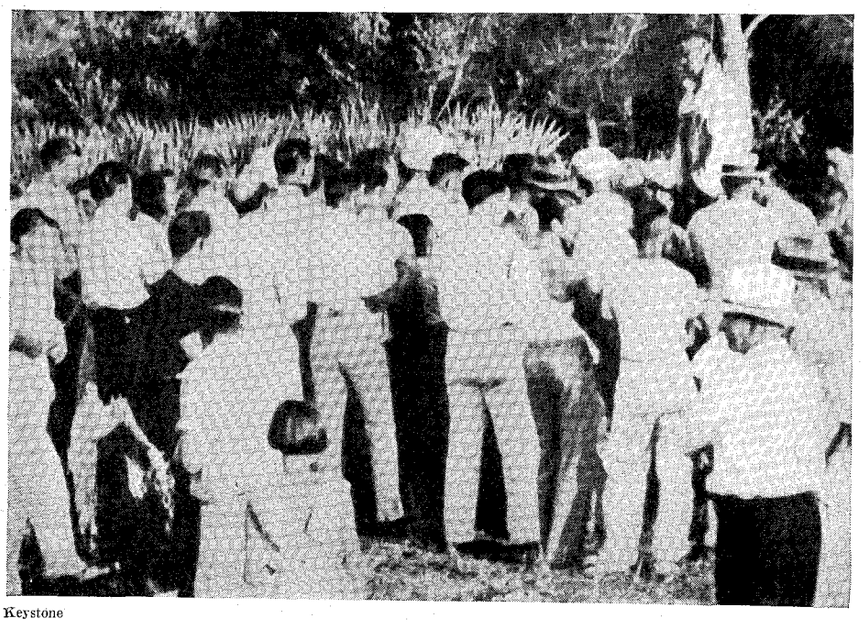
Virginia Law—A decade ago, Virginia passed a law making lynching an offense against the State as a whole, subjecting participants to murder charges. To bring about necessary convictions, the Governor may spend any sum he thinks advisable and enlist the Attorney General's aid. There has not been a single lynching in the Old Dominion since that law was placed on the State books.

Since 1887, the Federal Government, through the Department of State, has paid $1,000,000 to foreign countries for damages suffered by their nationals through mob violence here. On January 3, 1902, Rep. Edgar Dean Crumpacker, of Indiana, introduced a bill providing for a penalty for persons aiding in the lynching of an alien.

Such persons were to have been tried in Federal courts—a principal point in the 1937 Wagner-Van Nuys Bill. This would strike at the long string of cases decided by verdicts of "death inflicted by parties unknown to the jury" in localities where enforcement of State antilynch laws is not observed.

At first, any such bills introduced in Washington were attacked as unconstitutional because of invasion of State police power rights. Then advocates invoked the Fourteenth Amendment, Sec. 5. In more recent years, along with the definite establishment of a Federal police power right in certain cases, the Fourteenth Amendment clause has been dropped.

So far, however, several hundred antilynch bills have produced thousands of pages of committee proceedings and *Congressional Record* speeches, but not one Federal statute. Some of the bills wind up in the Judiciary Committees of the House and Senate and are forgotten.



Keystone

At Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., morbid curiosity drew men, women and children to view the hanging body of Rubin Stacey, Negro accused of stabbing a white woman with a pen-knife . . . lynchings continue

Topics in Brief

AND CHAIN production is no stronger than the link that sits down.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

IT IS NOW a close race as to which will appear first, the trailer or the robin.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

WALLY is going shopping for Easter hats, but Queen Mary subscribes to no such nonsense.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

OLD-TIMERS can remember when you could read that a country was flourishing without wondering whether it was fists or automatics.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

TURKEY plans to send all women to war except the married ones. Islam evidently prefers the volunteers to the regular fighters.—*Dallas News.*

CERTAIN SPORTS WRITERS, speaking of the impending Braddock-Louis match as a "brawl," may be altogether too optimistic.—*C. H. T. in the Kansas City Star.*

MOST NOTABLES now scrutinize closely the paper offered for an autograph. True, it might be an innocuous peace treaty, but it could be a ninety-day note.—*Portland Oregonian.*

SIR HUBERT WILKINS says that cruising beneath the polar ice in a submarine is healthful. It is on account of strangers not coughing in one's face.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

SOMETIMES we wonder if it wouldn't have been better if the earth had been made up into a lot of smaller planets with fewer people on each one.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal (Columbus).*

UNDER a stuffed fish in the Harlem Uproar House is the priceless adage: "Take a Lesson from Me—I Wouldn't Be Here If I Had Kept My Mouth Shut."—*Bill Farnsworth in New York Journal.*

AN ADVERTISER is asking everybody, "what would be the first thing you'd do if some one were to give you a million dollars?" We know a guy that would count it.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.*

THERE must be happier home lives somewhere in the world than that enjoyed by the Chicago policeman who arrested his own wife as a hit-and-run driver.—*Knickerbocker Press (Albany, N. Y.).*

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Foreign Comment

BOMBS SLAUGHTER SPANISH CIVILIANS

Children Shun Toy Planes, Reminders of Horror

In the central bull-ring of Madrid on New Year's day, Loyalists stacked up toys collected from all over the world so that the children of the besieged city might have a happy holiday. Underfed youngsters swarmed on great piles of dolls, blocks and tiny trains. At the height of their shrill excitement, a German bomber darkened the sky. Clutching the loot to their breasts, the children dashed for shelter.

That night, adults returned to the scene of the raid which, for once, had claimed no child victims. Only one heap of toys remained: all, ironically enough, air-planes. The 100,000 youngsters who had jammed the arena that morning had not been tempted by a plaything which to them spelled death.

No one knows just how many civilians of the 120,000 killed in the seven-month struggle whose combatant dead numbered only 80,000 fell in air-raids. But the bombers and their toll in women and children have undoubtedly made the civil war the most barbaric in modern times.

Reconnoitering in towns near the Capital one cloudy night last week, Herbert L. Matthews of the New York *Times* found that villagers talked only of the victims of the last air-raid and the probable date of the next one. An innkeeper told him that a cousin's whole family—father, mother and four children—had been wiped out when a bomb hit their house.

"What have we done to them?" she sobbed. "We are farming people, and we only want to be left alone."

Foreigners—With another correspondent, Matthews motored with lights out through darkened villages. On the black road they fearfully switched them on—but the Junkers pilots were aiming at towns, not the road.

Everywhere, Spaniards had one curse—for "the foreigners who have made Spain a battle-ground for their own war."

That curse grew more bitter than ever last week when Gen. Francisco Franco launched the war's greatest offensive on Madrid. Forty thousand Italians attacked on the Guadalajara front, then sixty miles northeast of the Capital. In a ninety-six-hour battle, they swept forward twelve miles—an incredible gain compared with the long-drawn-out World War horror of Verdun ("Field of a Million Dead"), where costly advances measured only twenty-five yards at a time.

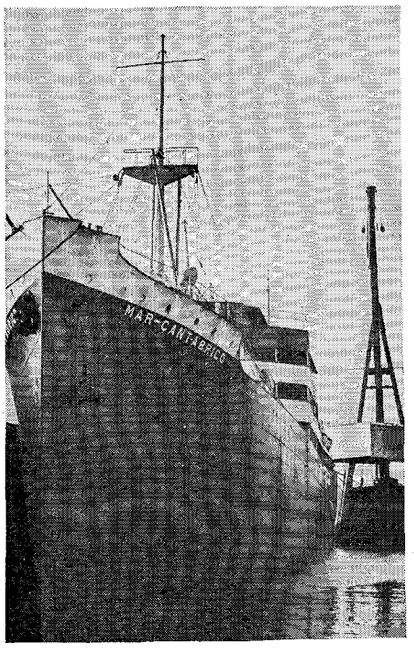
Fighting in a sleet and, in places, knee-deep snow, the highly motorized Italian forces used tanks, artillery field-pieces and armored motor-cycles with machine-gun side-cars against the badly armed Loyalists.

"Every factor of Italian fighting is to be seen here . . ." reported Matthews, who had seen *Il Duce's* men fight in Ethiopia. "Speed, mobility, short and sharp thrusts with two or three columns and, above all, open fighting."

Nevertheless, Gen. José Miaja, Commander-in-Chief of the defending forces, issued a cocky defiance: "I repeat that Madrid will be the tomb of fascism. . . . We've known how to deal with the black Moors and the blond Moors (Germans), and we'll treat Mussolini's Moors the same way."

Several captured officers wore regulation Italian Army uniforms. Many humbler prisoners insisted they had offered to serve as laborers in Ethiopia, and found themselves on a troop-ship bound for Spain. Italians visiting the United States have confirmed their story, with tales of young men given six hours to leave for Spain—"volunteers from a land where nothing is voluntary."

By Sunday, the Loyalists had won back three of the lost miles beyond Guadalajara, and meanwhile pushed back renewed attacks on the El Pardo line to the northwest, and the Jarama sector southeast of the city. Less violent than the main Italian drive, these minor skirmishes were designed to see if Miaja had been obliged to weaken his defenses closer to the Capital in order to meet the attack at hilly Guadalajara. They forecast, however, an expected imminent drive to encircle the city.



Wide World

Loyalist ship, Mar Cantabrico, loads airplanes prior to her ill-fated voyage

Spain registered a bitter protest with the League of Nations against the Italian invasion, calling it "scandalous" and "a resort to war without previous declaration." The note, by an ironic coincidence, reached Geneva on the day when British, French, Italian and German ships began their patrol of the Spanish coast under their belated agreement to stop the flow of "volunteers" and munitions to the civil war.

One of the Loyalists' worst losses of the war occurred at sea last week. The motorship *Mar Cantabrico,* which dashed out of New York harbor in January with Coast Guard cutters in her wake and a government plane overhead, won her race against the President's bill forbidding the export of arms to Spain. She had on board nearly $2,000,000 worth of planes and parts destined for the Loyalists.

At Vera Cruz, Mexico, she loaded additional planes, machine-guns, field-guns, and 14,000,000 rounds of ammunition including, according to rumor, some dum-dum bullets.

In mid-Atlantic, the crew ran up the Union Jack and painted the ship to resemble the British freighter *Adda.* Getting wireless orders not to risk a trip to Barcelona through the Insurgent-infested Straits of Gibraltar, Capt. José Santa Maria changed his course for Bilbao on the Bay of Biscay.

Off the French coast, the Insurgent cruiser *Canarias* immediately recognized the ship with her valuable cargo, and fired some shells that started a fire on the freighter. "We are sinking," the *Mar Cantabrico* wirelessed frantically. "Passengers ask for help." She gave the *Adda's* signal. Four British destroyers, the *Escapade, Eclipse, Echo* and *Encounter,* put out from St. Jean de Luz, France. A little later they picked up a second message: "Fire on board. Sinking. S.O.S. Come quickly."

But when the rescue ships neared the scene, they found the camouflaged freighter proceeding toward Franco's port of Ferror, a prize of war.

One sailor dived overboard and was picked up by a French liner. "I believe they shot all the Spaniards," he said. The other passengers, including two Americans, according to rumor, were in the cruiser's brig.

Spy—Later, Frederick T. Birchall sent the New York *Times* a fascinating yarn to the effect that the *Mar Cantabrico* never had a chance. The night she left New York, diplomatic circles reported, a mysterious stranger visited an agent of Franco there and left a package containing the vessel's futile plans to change her identity at sea, as well as her secret code. When the ship arrived at Vera Cruz on schedule, the Insurgents, who had first taken the information lightly, learned that the *Mar Cantabrico* carried enough paint for the camouflage job. Thenceforth the *Canarias,* deciphering all her messages, had only to wait and pounce.

The identity of the man who betrayed the freighter remained a secret.

"Why any one who was in on the secret should do this is not clear," Birchall wrote. "One suggestion is that possibly a vender of some of the war material aboard the vessel had sold something the worthlessness of which was certain to be detected when it was put to use and, to avoid exposure, took this means of giving away the plot. There is, of course, not the slightest confirmation of this theory, but the illicit arms-supply traffic is a curious business, full of devious devices."

Doomed—As the week's news seeped past Madrid's censors, the feeling grew that correspondents believed the city doomed. In one letter which slipped out, a correspondent wrote:

"Things are gradually approaching a climax, and we had better prepare for the worst. As things are going now, the fall of Madrid sooner or later appears inevitable. The Government has developed no offensive power and they can not keep on resisting forever. . . . What seems possible is that General Franco intends to leave Madrid for the last, so as to avoid, if possible, fighting in the city. We may be surrounded and starved out. Whatever

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happens, the agony will be relatively slow. You will have plenty of warning, for Madrid is not going to fall over night."

The threat of starvation lay behind the order forbidding restaurants to serve bread, since little was available for private families. With a million civilians to feed, General Miaja summoned the Ministers of Education and Public Works from Valencia to consider the question of supplies once the Insurgents succeed in cutting the only highways now open.

Food Is Key—"The key to ultimate victory and defeat is, of course, the economic organization behind the lines," John Langdon-Davies, author of "Behind the Spanish Barricades," reports. "In the territory which has been held by General Franco from the first weeks—that in Navarre, old Castile and around Seville—life is economically normal, agriculture is efficient and the chief source of food shortage is the increase of population in the form of armed foreigners who have to be fed."

From the territory through which Franco's Moors have moved recently, however, hundreds of thousands have fled, adding to the food problem in Madrid, and even Barcelona where, tho the fields are cultivated as in peace-time, there is not enough bread and milk for the newcomers.

He believes that, in view of the rich provinces the Loyalists hold, they stand a better chance of victory than Franco.

Apparently the British Government does not agree. At any rate, it became known last week that in the Insurgent Capital, Burgos, agents of the British Board of Trade were holding business conferences with Franco's men.

IL DUCE ABROAD: Dictator Inspects Military and Civil Improvements in Libya

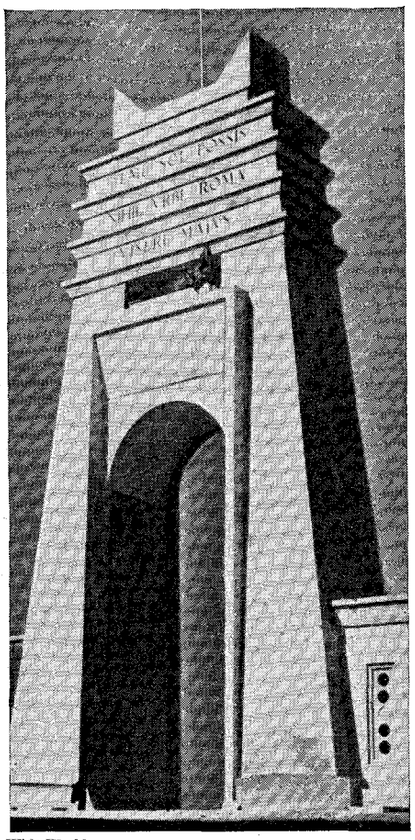
Three years ago, gossip had it that *Il Duce* shipped the daring transatlantic hero, Marshal Italo Balbo, to govern Italian Libya because he was becoming too uncomfortably popular to suit the Dictator. Like a true Fascist, Balbo obeyed, buckled down to the Roman task of extending Italian civilization through three methods: Water, roads and buildings.

Before him, Marshal De Bono, Marshal Badoglio and Count Volpi had garnished the oases with imposing hotels, baths, Fascist headquarters, gorgeous Government houses and military barracks. Arabs, Bedouins and Berbers wondered, the few tourists shook their heads and sought an explanation. The only answer from high officials was:

"These symbols of civilization must be made to rise from the soil as a mark of our domination."

Marshal Balbo kept up the pace, turned ancient Leptis Magna into a beautiful city; gave Tripoli, his Capital, a face-lifting and started construction of a 1,250-mile highway along the bleak coast connecting French Tunisia with Egypt. Once or twice a month, he hopped into his trimotored Savoia-Marchetti hydroplane and flew to Rome, always at the invitation of *Il Duce*.

But *Il Capo del Governo*, kept busy at home, only once set foot on African soil, never saw newly conquered Ethiopia, Somaliland or Eritrea. This year, however, Mussolini, having given Victor Emmanuel III an African Empire, decided to visit Libya and survey the three-year labors of his former Air Minister.



Wide World

Italy's Arch of Triumph over Libya ... a link in an international highway

Last week, boarding the cruiser *Pola*, *Il Duce* braved a choppy Mediterranean in his honorary uniform of Fascist militia corporal and beamed with broad smiles as he reviewed the First and Second Naval Squadrons off the Libyan coast. This done, the *Pola* cruised to Tobruk, where, surrounded by legions of Fascist Arab youths, Marshal Balbo gave him the Latin embrace.

Keystone

Italy's Governor of Libya, General Balbo sees "nothing greater than the City of Rome"

For four days, *Il Duce* was shown the improvements Balbo had wrought, especially the asphalt road, which he officially opened. Saw also a marble arch bearing inscription "O Beneficent Sun, Thou Seest Nothing Greater than the City of Rome" to commemorate Italy's triumph over sands of the Libyan Desert. In a handsome automobile the pair traveled the whole length of the partly underground, partly elevated highway, visiting native villages, barracks and Fascist colonies; delivering resounding speeches to the 25,000 colonists sent to Libya with government aid.

Once their 700-car caravan frightened an ox which roared and lunged at the Dictator with lowered horns. After Balbo and his aids threw the animal to the ground, *Il Duce* rebuked its driver for carelessness.

Tho considered a liability as far as its economic advantages are concerned, Libya became important during the Ethiopian campaign, when a clash with England was threatened. Then, *Il Duce* concentrated troops along the Egyptian borders, threatening invasion of Sudan territory. Strategically, however, Fascists deem the colony important as a jumping-point from the important fortifications on the Island of Pantelleria and in Sicily.

Artery—But besides serving as a military artery, the new highway will become an important part of the network which they plan to construct through the heart of the colony—a road to link Bengazi on the Mediterranean with the interior towns of French Equatorial Africa. So that, unless relations with France become muddled, Italians will be able to do a brisk trade with that French colony and exchange goods for the rich products of the Lake Chad region, transporting them by trucks from and to Bengazi and thence in Italian bottoms on the Mediterranean.

Two years ago, writing for the McClure Syndicate, Oliver Lindfors and Richard Purcel reported a sad picture of Italy's colony, where they found living costs "about twice as high as they had been in Naples," since "all provisions come from Italy."

"To subdue the natives," an Italian official told them naively, "we had to kill off their live stock and lay waste their fields. That is why there is no food except what is sent from home."

Bayonets had driven the natives to build the road by hand, they reported, and "Arabs were shot if they attempted to escape."

British System—"Gangs of native Arabs worked from morning till night under guard of Somali and Eritrean troops, the Italians adopting the British system of patrolling the colony with natives from another, on the theory that almost anybody is willing to shoot people he does not know."

Pending completion of the transdesert road to the interior of Africa caravans continue to bring the produce of Lake Chad and Nigeria through the oases of Murzuk and Tibesti, unloading at the towns of Matruh and Salum, famous for its dates. But when the roads are built, fast motor-trucks will link trunk lines between Brak and Edri and Kneir Pass southward to Murzuk, where the Italian Resident lives in a sumptuous palace.

Wrested from Turkey in 1912, Italian

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Libya or Tripoli is divided into four Provinces: Tripoli, Misurata, Benghazi and Derna. It has an area of about twice the size of Texas and a population of 522,000 natives and 25,000 Italians. Besides the sponge fisheries, some cattle raising, tobacco and salt, the exports include carpets, leather articles and fabrics embroidered with gold. The slim revenue from the colony is preponderantly outbalanced by the heavy administrative and military expenditure, making it a heavy burden on Italian taxpayers.

MOVIE OF LOVE: Wallis Simpson and Duke Trade Camera Shots of Lonesomeness

Against a new background last week, the Duke of Windsor watched Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson in the amateur motion-picture films, almost daily exchanged, with which the two lovers must be content until the end of the six months' probation period of Mrs. Simpson's Ipswich divorce, April 27.

Last previous reels ripped open at Castle Enzesfeld, Austria, had showed the former Baltimore woman under the olive trees of Hermann L. Rogers's Riviera garden at Cannes, France, sauntering, turning, smiling directly into the lens, in her newest Paris gowns.

The new one, made in gray weather between driving rainstorms, showed the slim, erect figure against oaks and pines, and a 400-year-old, steep-roofed and turreted, 100-room, early Renaissance chateau near Tours.

To the Chateau de Condé, seen annually by thousands of American tourists, Mrs. Simpson and her Riviera hosts had motored in the black limousine, twin to his own, which had been one of Edward VIII's courtship gifts in London.

Host—Almost more interesting than the Chateau's new occupants was its owner, Charles E. Bedaux, Franco-American multimillionaire efficiency engineer with offices in New York's needle-topped Chrysler Building. Sleek, dapper, his hair slicked back, his double-breasted suit now a tailor's masterpiece, French War veteran Bedaux landed in New York after the World War with $25 in his pocket. Best job he could find was that of sand-hog in the East River subway tunnel.

His brother was a proper mathematics professor at the Sorbonne. Charles, tho a good student in his youth, disliked routine, was a wanderer, enjoyed mucking with the polyglot crew in the compressed air chambers under the East River, was expected by the respectable relatives he had left at home to come to no good.

A little money saved, he quit the tunnel for the Mallinckrodt Chemical Works, brought his pet efficiency plan to the attention of its managers, who let him apply it. Then he set up in business for himself.

The "Bedaux unit" yardstick of human energy, its inventor insisted, was not a system of speed-up or sweating, but an elimination of waste. General Electric offered to buy his whole business, system and staff. Bedaux refused to sell.

To sugar-coat his system for clients, he wrote a novel about it, sold it in limited edition at $25 a copy. It spread to many enterprises, in some plants made labor trouble, workmen insisting that it was a speed-up.

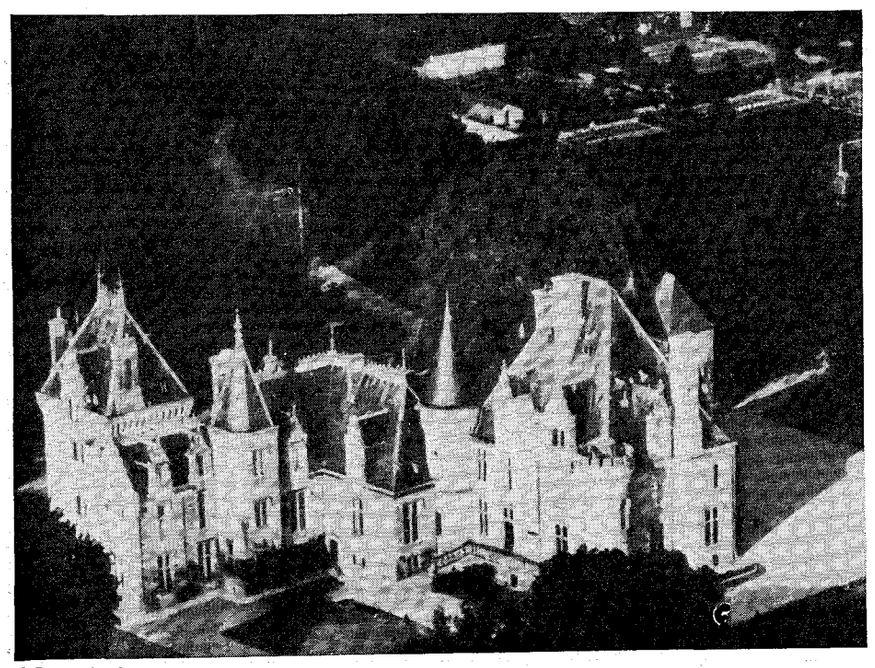
Plans Retirement—Last week, in his Chrysler Building offices, Bedaux, now owner of a grouse shooting lodge in Scotland as well as of the 1,000-acre estate and chateau in the Touraine, explained that he had never seen Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

"But my wife (formerly Fern Lombard, of Cleveland) and I are still in love with love. We knew Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. We have given our home in the belief that because of its extreme quietness and . . . isolation in a peaceful countryside, whatever takes place there in view of the extensive publicity will be fitting to British and American character."

He also revealed that he intends, according to French tradition, to retire from business at fifty. He will be fifty on October 26.

Meanwhile, before a roaring fire in the chateau's high-ceilinged library, Mrs. Simpson told newspaper men that until the estate's 18-hole golf-course dried, she was struggling with French verbs.

"After living in England, my spirits are not affected by the weather," she smiled. "No, my clothes are not a trousseau. Every woman begins to take interest in spring clothes at this time of year."



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Charles E. Bedaux's Chateau de Condé, near Tours . . . at the disposal of Wallis Simpson

LABORITE'S BUMPS: Herbert Morrison Leads British Labor Party Victory

Herbert Morrison, son of a housemaid and a policeman, shares the royal family's weakness for phrenologists. When the present leader of the London County Council was a grocer's errand boy of seventeen, he spent his last sixpence to have his bumps read. The phrenologist told him that, if he worked hard enough, he could become Prime Minister.

Inspired by the prophecy, he soon worked his way up to be the grocer's clerk, then a telephone operator, Secretary of the London Labor Party at $5 a week, and Minister of Transport in Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Cabinet.

MacDonald's 1931 switch from Socialism to a National Government brought six lean years to his old Party. Labor's only encouragement came three years ago, when Morrison gained control of the London County Council, which governs half of Greater London's 8,202,818 population. (The rest fall under the decentralized rule of twenty-eight local Borough Councils.) He immediately launched a large-scale housing and slum-clearance program. The Green Belt, long a dream, began to circle the sprawling metropolis, providing parks and fresh air for the East End poor. Playgrounds, milk centers and public nursery schools sprang up in the dense areas.

Tory Opposition—Recently he faced reelection with the embarrassing and unwelcome support of Communists, James Maxton's fiery Independent Laborites, and Sir Stafford Cripps's Left-wing Socialist League, which orthodox leaders had read out of the Party. With the help of the whole metropolitan press except the Laborite *Daily Herald* and the Liberal *News Chronicle,* the Municipal Reform (Tory) Party fought bitterly against his new three-year program, which admittedly entails higher taxes. They injected national issues, including the charge that the expense of the Labor program was exorbitant, in view of Britain's gigantic defense expenditures.

In spite of this opposition, Labor won, raising its majority from fourteen to twenty-six in the Council of 124 members.

This success, sensational after Labor's sad showing in the last general election and recent by-elections, last week emboldened Party leaders to publish a national program against the distant day when Labor again controls the Government. Unless the National Government falls—and its 429 votes in the House of Commons against Labor's 161 make this a remote chance—the next general election will not be held before November, 1940.

Less Radical—The new program, aimed at the British public's innate conservatism, is less radical than those the Party sponsored in the past. It calls for nationalization of the Bank of England and of coal,

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gas and electricity, on payment of a "fair" price to the present owners. It would form a national board to take over the railways and control all transport. For labor, it proposes higher wages, shorter hours, higher pensions for those willing to retire, and Government support of trade-unions in the better-pay drive. The poor generally will benefit by abolition of the means test, and increased supplies of good, cheap food to raise the nutrition standard —now so low that Army recruiting officers must turn down hundreds of young men whose health has been injured by improper nourishment.

Morrison's victory made the phrenologist's thirty-one-year-old forecast brighter, for the Laborite loomed as a logical Opposition leader and—in the event of a national victory—Prime Minister. Even Clement Attlee, present head of the Party, said last week: "Herbert Morrison has shown what he can do in ruling a great city; in the future he will show what he can do in ruling a great country."

TROTZKY APPEAL: Exiled Leader Outlines Case as New Soviet Treason Trials Near

"Try me! End it!" shouted Leon Trotzky, his silvery hair blowing, his wispy beard wagging as he stood for photographers on the terrace of a heavily guarded villa near Mexico City last week.

News had leaked out of Moscow that hundreds if not thousands more Russians accused of "Trotzkyism" were under arrest awaiting new mass trials such as have, after wholesale confessions, sent 150 noteworthy Bolsheviks to the firing squad, twenty-three to ten years' imprisonment, forty-nine to banishment in concentration camps, twenty-nine to Siberian exile.

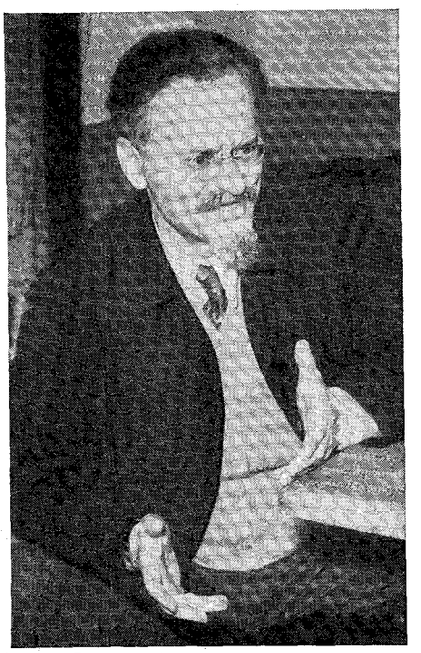
"If the rulers of the Kremlin want to complain that through my writing I am aiding a future victory of the Soviet people over their reactionary bureaucracy, then I can reply, yes, I am guilty of that," said the exiled collaborator of Soviet Russia's first dictator, Nikolai Lenin.

New Trials—Preparing for the new trials, the *Plenum,* full session of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, met in Moscow.

On charges of anti-Party activity, the names of former President of the Council of Commissars Alexei Rykov and ex-*Izvestia* Editor Nikolai Bukharin (both in prison since late last year) were removed from the rolls of the Communist Party.

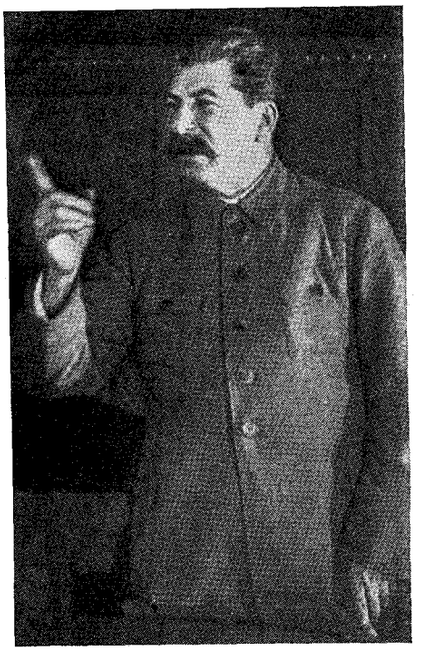
Next step toward the firing squad is expected to be their appearance with others before the microphones of the courtroom built in the hall of the Old Nobles' Club, where last July sixteen "Old Bolsheviks," including Gregory Zinoviev and Leon Kamenev, confessed and were convicted of treason; where last January seventeen others, among them ace-editorialist Karl Radek, "told all," and vanished.

Meanwhile, as Soviet authorities are readying Russia for a year of fairs, theater festivals, special tours and elaborate spectacles for the 12,000 American tourists planning to make a pilgrimage in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the 1917 revolution, "items in Provincial papers indicate that anti-Trotzkyist trials



Pictures, Inc.

Trotzky indignantly denied . . .



Sovfoto

the accusations of Dictator Stalin

are taking place in many places in Russia," wires Webb Miller, United Press European News Manager. "Many thousands have been arrested, the number perhaps running into five figures, since the recent treason trials."

Japanese Feud—Grist for the Stalin mill in drawing up new treason charges was a dialog a few days ago during a Parliamentary hearing in the Japanese Diet. To Deputy Acida, quizzing him on how he knew so much about Russian military preparations, War Minister Gen Sugiyama replied:

"In Russia, there exist elements in opposition to the present Government; and it is through them that we know."

Tho police jerked the *Myiaka,* sole journal to report the War Minister's answer, from Tokyo news-stands before many copies had been sold, Russia's Tass Agency broadcast Sugiyama's indiscretion from Leningrad to Vladivostok as "directly confirming the espionage connections of the Trotzky bandits with the Japanese military, as established in recent trials."

To all accusations except that of writing against Stalin and Stalinism, Trotzky in Mexico gave contemptuous denial. In "The Revolution Betrayed," translated by Max Eastman and published by Doubleday, Doran, he denounces Stalin's rejection of the theory of a continuous world revolution for "socialism in one country" as the real treason.

The Russia of to-day and Stalin he describes as the "triumph of bureaucracy over the masses," explaining that the "tired and disappointed masses were indifferent to what was happening on the summits."

Further clarification of present Russia's mystery is given by Edgar Ansell Mowrer, of the Chicago *Daily News.* "Russia," says Mowrer, "is a country in which nothing public is ever quite true or utterly false. But that of all the original Bolsheviks none but Stalin has remained true to the faith is too preposterous to be swallowed."

What has happened under Stalin Mowrer condenses thus:

He has given influence and comparative affluence to his bureaucrats.

He has permitted limited private property and guaranteed its inheritance.

For revolutionary enthusiasm he has substituted national enthusiasm.

Mowrer concludes:

"By stopping short (of establishing complete Communism) and digging in, Stalin may have saved all that could be saved."

COPTS STRIKE: Religious Win Dispute Over Monastic Rigors in Upper Egypt

"Their strength is to sit still."

Thus spake Isaiah (XXX:7), Old Testament Prophet, in the eighth century before Christ, when the modern epidemic of "sit-down" strikes was unknown.

Last week, 100 black-robed, black-turbaned, heavily whiskered Coptic monks reiterated the passage with a smirk of triumph as their Patriarch, Anba Yoannes XIX, reluctantly settled their forty-day "stay-in" rebellion and allowed them to elect their own abbot.

For forty days they had barricaded themselves behind the solid steel gate of their windowless, thick-walled monastery of Deir-el-Moharrak on the sandy wastes of Upper Egypt, near Assiut and southeast of Cairo. They defied local, national and church authorities and stood sentry atop the fifteen-foot encircling wall.

Locked out was Abbot Komnos Sidarous. Unsuspecting, last December he made a trip to Cairo to report their insubordination to his chief, who resides at Cairo and is styled "the holy Coptic Pope and Patriarch of the town of Alexander and all the countries of Egypt, of Jerusalem, Abyssinia, Pentapolis, and all the lands in which St. Mark preached."

The trouble started when, three years ago, seven monks revolted against harsh restrictions and demanded that their pocket and cigarette money be increased from $1.50 to $7.50 a month. Their conduct angered the adamant abbot and the Patriarch, who excommunicated three of

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them. Later, however, he relented, raised their pin-money and replaced the abbot with Sidarous.

Since then, the swart monks have been accused of too frequent trips to neighboring Assiut and the outlying Bedouin villages, where Moslems predominate. When Abbot Sidarous curtailed their visits, they rumbled with discontent, locked him out and defied Government and church again.

Organization—The scandal gained wide notoriety in the live Egyptian press, for Copts number a full million and include Egypt's leading *intelligentsia*. So widely discussed was the monks' strike that dissatisfaction developed among their brethren in the Deir Antonius (St. Anthony) monastery, on the Red Sea, whose monks elect the Patriarch.

The descendants of the ancient Egyptians, who adopted Christianity in the first Christian century, Copts are more numerous in Abyssinia, where between eight and ten millions of them obey the Abouna and his five bishops, all appointed by the Coptic Patriarch. In Egypt their church is administered by the Patriarch, who is assisted by three metropolitans (archbishops), and twelve bishops; while in the Sudan they have a bishop who resides in Khartum. Their church organization also comprises archpriests, priests, deacons and monks. The priests must marry before they are ordained, but monks and dignitaries must live a celibate life.

Copts were among the first to adopt Christianity, tho their church really came into being as a schism when the Egyptians embraced the Monophysite doctrine (which asserts that Christ has a divine nature only) after the Council of Chalcedon (451 A.D.) rejected it. Egyptians were converted when early Christians, fleeing Roman and Byzantine persecutions, chose to worship in solitude throughout the deserts of Egypt, for the big towns were centers of Hellenistic and neo-Platonic schools of philosophers, who scoffed at Christians.

Hermits, anchorites, recluses, stylites, dendrites, cenobites and Sarabaites dotted the deserts with their humble dwellings, which became objects of pilgrimages. Schenoudi of Atripe, one of the earliest Coptic abbots, imposed the profession of blind obedience. It is to him and the many other Egyptian hermits that the origin of monasticism is traced, while St. Anthony of Egypt (d. 362 A.D.) is regarded as the father of hermitism.

History—Thousands of hermits sprang up all over Upper and Lower Egypt and their desert or cave abodes became famous in such districts as Nitria, the Thebaid, Lycopolis, Kopres, Oxyrhynchus and Arsinoe. Later European novelists wrote romances about them, such as Kingsley's "Hypatia" and Anatole France's "Thäis."

After the Arab conquest of Egypt, Moslem persecution became so intense that Coptic monks constructed heavy walls about their churches and monasteries, which increased so rapidly that by the end of the sixteenth century Copts could speak with pride of the "hundred monasteries of Wadi Natrun" in the Libyan desert valley. Only five of these ruined structures survive.

Tho most Egyptians adhered to the Coptic church, thousands became converts to Islam under Arab, Kurdish, Persian, Circassian and Turkish rule. They seldom intermarried with the Arabs, whose language they adopted. Their old Egyptian language, known as Coptic, was confined to liturgy and rituals, which are adapted from St. Mark.

Preserving ancient practises, they use the Diocletian calendar (which bridges a gap of 284 years from the Gregorian calendar), baptize by immersion, circumcise their sons and confine their women to the vestibules at the entrances of their churches. So long and wearisome is the church service that the men have to carry specially constructed crutches to lean upon, as pews are not allowed.

Copts observe a large number of feasts and fasts, which include: (a) the Fast of Nineveh, three days and three nights before Lent; (b) the Great Fast, Lent, during fifty-five days; (c) the Fast of the Nativity, during twenty-eight days before Christmas; (d) the Fast of the Apostles, after the Feast of the Ascension; and (e) the Fast of the Virgin, for fifteen days before the Festival of the Assumption.

Swift Photo

Naotake Sato: better a bomb-proof house for him

HOUSE OF MAGIC: Japan's Premier Moves Into New, Attack-Proof Home

When, last February, Premier Keisuko Okada had to hide in a clothes-closet to escape revolting Army officers seeking his life, it was decided that in some manner the occupational risks of Japanese Premiership must be lessened.

So long and honorable is the tradition of assassination in Nippon's history that it could not be rooted out in a twinkling. Popular magazines are still packed with tall tales of *ronin* (wave-men, or drifters) and other noble hangovers from Japan's recent feudalism committing murder to save the Empire, and *hara-kiri* to prove the purity of their selflessness. Censorship of thought, speech and press deprives political emotion of ordinary safety-valves. Assassination for patriotic causes still carries an aura of glamour.

To afford Premiers a reasonable chance of survival until glory is no longer to be won by killing them, builders early in the year began, without publicity, a trick "executive mansion." Last week, Gen. Senjuro Hayashi, fifth Premier to take office since Okada's hairbreadth escape, quit the old official residence of Japan's Premiers, now regarded as being possessed of a jinx, moved into the new establishment, accompanied only by servants and his non-stop mustaches.

Family Absent—Not until after the turbulent session of the Parliament is adjourned will he invite his large family to share the maze of secret passages, false doors, sliding walls, traps, bomb-proof rooms, bullet-proof partitions and disappearing floors of the new house.

By that time, he will have mastered its mysteries himself and will be able to ring for a domestic without pushing the wrong button and precipitating the whole family into the cellar.

Meanwhile, not Premier Hayashi, but his Foreign Minister, Naotake Sato, who still lives in an ordinary house, is under the heaviest fire of criticism.

Son of a former Ambassador to Washington, recent Ambassador himself to Paris, Sato is by inheritance, career and training a diplomat, which in Japanese is to say that he does not speak the plain, blunt language which the Japanese Army understands and loves.

To an amazed Diet, Sato announced: "Japan has no territorial ambitions in China. . . . Our interests will be promoted if we respect those of others and seek peaceful development of our own. . . . China's demand to be treated on an equal footing should be respected and past differences forgotten. . . . Japan must abandon her superiority complex. . . . Fear that Japan will go south of the Great Wall is imaginary. . . .

"If our policy toward China is fair and open . . . we shall not be regarded with suspicion. . . . If China should reject our minimum demands, we must wait until China changes her attitude. If Japan wishes to avoid a war, she can. . . . There is no crisis."

Response—Tho Washington and London statesmen rubbed their hands in glee (Moscow's skeptics sneering "Prove it!"), Japanese military men and their supporters first gasped for breath, then laughed, then burst into angry roars.

Clause No. 1 of the Army's creed is that Japan exists in a state of permanent emergency. Following clauses are that only economic domination of North China (military pressure necessary for its acquisition) can solve it, that Japan is in acute danger of attack from Russia, the United States, or both; that the only way for Japan to get what she wants is to take it.

"You talk like a schoolgirl. Be serious," shouted one Deputy.

Embarrassing to Premier Hayashi was Sato's view that no crisis impends, for earlier in the session he had said: "The touch of a finger may cause an explosion."

Crossroads—Publisher and Seiyukai Party Leader Dr. Hitoshi Ashida shouted: "We are at a momentous crossroads between peace and war."

Spokesman for the Army observed angrily that Sato had "no idea of the nature of the emergency confronting the Nation," and "has a complete lack of understanding of conditions. If allowed to expound such

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views in the future . . . the Army must therefore take steps to prevent any such repetition."

What "steps" the Army might take were not specified. Okada's experience, in February, 1936, and the arrest of a would-be assassin in December, seeking the life of Premier Koki Hirota, suggested that not General Hayashi, but optimist Sato needs the magic house.

CHILE VOTES: President Alessandri's Right Party Wins Losing Battle

Last week, as elderly Don Arturo Alessandri scanned Chile's election returns, he learned with a heavy heart that, tho victorious, his political supporters of the Right really won a losing battle.

With almost two years to go as President, the sixty-nine-year-old "Lion of Tarapaca" held frequent consultations with his Cabinet in La Moneda Palace in Santiago to determine the actual strength of the Popular Front. With a generous gesture, he prevailed on its three members not to quit his Cabinet.

Almost two decades ago, Alessandri went into politics as a revolutionary editor, battled his way into La Moneda, and when a military *junta* sent him on a European "vacation," championed labor and social reforms. Recalled to Santiago in 1925, he once again faced turmoil, and another *junta* expelled him. Six years later, having spent all his leisure as a labor organizer in Paris, he sailed back to Chile, threw his hat into the arena and got himself reelected.

Once boss, Alessandri muzzled the press, sent his foes into exile on Chile's Easter Island (about 2,000 miles from the coast) and had Congress grant him "extraordinary powers."

Chile became peaceful, on the surface, tho Santiago buzzed with rumors of revolts and conspiracies.

Tho Chile is larger than Texas, one-fifth of its 4,420,363 inhabitants live in Santiago, discuss politics as casually as their women review the latest Paris styles as they stroll along the wide *paseo* of the Avenida de las Delicias. Representing the country's many interlocking political parties, Santiago's citizens included scores of *latifundia* (large estate) holders, come thither to lobby against Communists, who preached a parceling of their huge estates among the poor and jobless.

Before his throat became infected about two years ago, Alessandri was able to move the miners of Tarapaca, the State famed for its nitrate-fields, with his florid oratory. He could address massed workers and remind them of his work as labor organizer, assuring them that he was a Socialist, tho a mild one. As his eloquence faded, the Popular Front, formed last year, took the field, blasted the large landowners as "lounge lizards" and demanded greater land distribution, higher wages all around and stronger trade-unions.

Despite his oft-repeated Socialist avowals, Alessandri had to resort to police and militia force in quelling revolts, while he made laws to subsidize fishing and other industries. To defeat Communist propaganda, he decreed the Agricultural Colonization Fund to settle the landless and unemployed on lands carved out of *latifundias,* for Reds pointed out that 80 per cent. of the agricultural land (comprising only 10 per cent. of the country's area) was owned by 2,576 landholders.

But Leftists knew that the self-styled "moderately Socialist" President secretly aided Gen. Julio Schwartzenberg's Republican Militia, ostensibly created to support "orderly" Government.

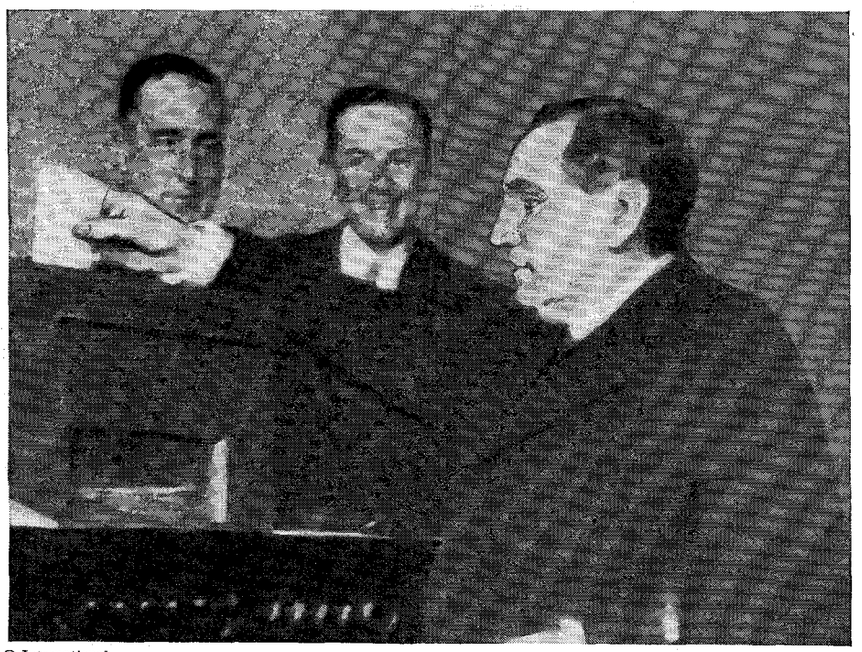
Last year, however, the Leftists banded together and succeeded in forcing its dissolution. But overnight the Right forces blended together, formed the *Accion Nacional,* made up of the same 50,000 Republican Militiamen, youths and white-collar workers.

To support the *Accion,* Jorge Gonzales von Maree's Fascists suddenly waxed more militant, launched a nation-wide membership drive and raised an "army" 20,000 strong.

Early this month, fewer than 500,000 male Chileans (for men twenty-one years old or over are compelled to vote and women may take part only in municipal polls) cast their ballots for Congress. The Conservatives and Liberals again won a majority, but Leftists gained substantially.

Shrewdly, Alessandri kept the three defeated Popular Front members of his Cabinet, refused to eject them at the plea of powerful Liberal (Right) Finance Minister Gustavo Ross, who tendered his resignation "for personal reasons," leaving the Lion of Tarapaca free to divide and rule.

"Tho it did not win a full-fledged victory at the first blow," comments Ludwig Lore in the New York *Post,* "it (the Popular Front) met with a remarkable success, decreasing the Right-wing majority of twenty-seven in the last Chamber of Deputies to twelve."



© International

Chile: Don Arturo Alessandri casts a ballot . . . returns showed a losing victory for his Party

FOREIGN FLASHES

Budapest—Hungary's 6,000-odd Gipsies are planning a national music festival for April. Their Tzigane National Association is now preparing the oft-delayed celebration of their 500th anniversary in the country. Originally the fête was scheduled for 1919, but critical post-War conditions made it impossible, since even now not more than 2,000 of them are employed. First permitted to settle in Hungary by King Zsigmond in 1419, they have contributed considerably to Hungarian music, and one of their talented beauties, Panna Czinka, has become a legend. During the following "June Weeks" a Gipsy music contest will be held in Budapest and the best musicians will take part in broadcasting over a Europe-wide network Liszt's Second Symphony and other Gipsy favorites.

* * *

Valencia—There has been little or no bull-fighting since the Civil War started in Spain eight months ago. Most of the leading, well-paid *toreadors* are on the Insurgent side, while second-raters remain loyal. On the Government side, this peace-time luxury is practically nonexistent, as the Socialist, Communist and Anarco-Syndicalist Militiamen have always frowned on bull-fights and their newspapers excluded them, tho average Spanish publications devoted much space to the sport.

* * *

Toronto—A Catholic experiment in cooperative living is being carried on in King City by Father Francis J. McGoey under the name of Catholic Action. Modeled after the precepts laid down by Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, the program is now aiding forty families made up of 240 men, women and children, while 250 additional applications are being considered. The experiment started three years ago, when thirty-eight persons were selected from relief rolls and financed with borrowed loans, according to a bulletin issued by the National Conference of Jews and Christians. "Restoration of the individual," Father McGoey holds, "is the fundamental principle of the organization" in its Canadian activities.

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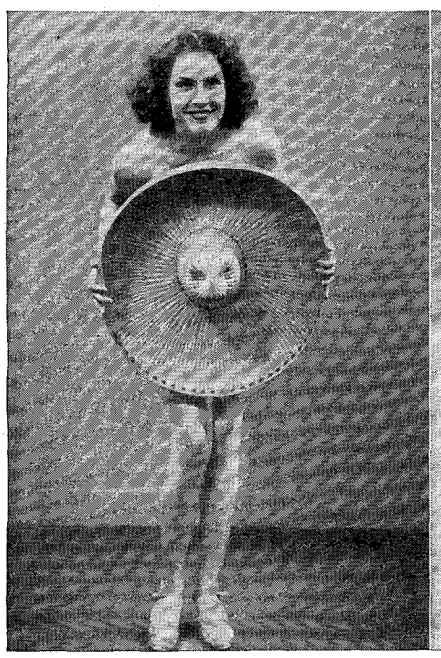
Parade

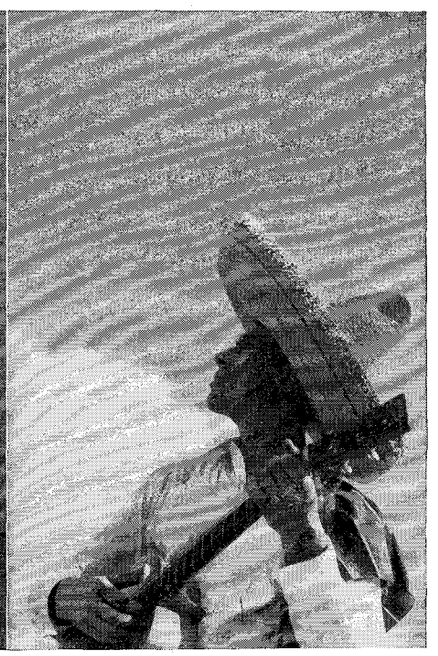
"Well, between 185 pounds of husband and 185 pounds of gasoline there's a lot of difference. And gasoline wins," declared **George Palmer Putnam,** publisher-husband of Amelia Earhart, when asked if he would like to go along. He had accompanied his wife to the Oakland, California, airfield, from which she was prepared to take off on her 27,000-mile round-the-world flight. Miss Earhart's plane is the silvery $80,000 "flying laboratory," a big Lockheed-Electra monoplane with a cruising range of 4,000 miles.

* * *

Much activity is noticed already in Dallas preparing for the Pan-American Exposition to open June 12, extend until October 31. **Eleanor Akers,** local professional model, crack amateur golf and tennis player, was chosen by McClelland Barclay as an outstanding Texas beauty. She plans a sombrero dance to the guitar strains of Juan Martinez, Mexican ballad singer.



Eleanor Akers: a sombrero dance . . .



to the strains of Juan Martinez's guitar

* * *

On the Benay Venuta program over the Mutual Broadcasting System, **Charles Earle Funk,** one of the Editors of Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, explained the definition of his new word "neotrist," to Gilbert Seldes, author. "It means a person who stays young," Funk stated, "a person whose mind is always progressive and forward-looking, no matter what his age. It's the new word you can use with all propriety in the future when you refer to any one who is enterprising and young-minded."

* * *

Modern Packaging magazine awarded **Marion H. Mulford,** horticulturist, and **Harry Z. Gray,** mechanical designer, gold medals for their unique designs in the All-America Package Competition. Their prize-winning idea was a paraffined carton, immured within was a flower or plant. The flaps fold out into a water reservoir, a protecting cellulose wrapper guards the plant, which has been scientifically started and treated for early blooming. The carton costs ten cents, threatens to replace the traditional red flower-pot.

* * *

"We should be able to vote for measures, not for men," commented **Ford Madox Ford,** British novelist and essayist. "Real democracy needs a national system of voting-devices—some speedy electrical arrangement so that the people could register their will directly and immediately. . . . A citizen should be able to press an electric button and have his vote registered immediately in Washington."

* * *

Returning from Spain, **Lester Ziffren,** United Press correspondent, told of some of the problems facing newspaper men lodged in the American Embassy. "Some Cuban had a herd of Holsteins in a village near-by and had to evacuate. A friend of ours knew him and so we brought the herd to the Embassy. There were nine cows and a bull, and there has been one blessed event since then. The main trouble is in trying to get alfalfa . . . but the Embassy is one of the few places in Madrid that has fresh milk."

* * *

Clarence Addison Dykstra, fifty-three-year-old City Manager of Cincinnati, accepted the offer of the University of Wisconsin Executive Committee for the Presidency of the university, succeeding Glenn Frank. Known to cronies as "Dyke," he is a man of action, having been particularly praised for his leadership in the recent floods. Despite his present $25,000 annual salary, he is anxious to return to academic work at an estimated $15,000. Dykstra already has been associated with the Universities of Kansas, Ohio and California. "I am an individualist, in the original American sense," he says. "I believe the remedy for our troubles must be found within our democratic institutions, can not be found in Communism or Fascism."

Pictures, Inc.

"Whoopee Lupe" Velez . . . red hair enraged her "Tarzan" husband

All was not well in Hollywood last week in the abode of filmland's Tarzan, **Johnny Weissmuller.** Reason for the commotion: the new "sunset blonde" hair of his wife, Lupe Velez, fiery Mexican actress. "I married a brunette and you're going to stay that way," he is reported to have said, taking to the golf course for relaxation and to give her time to think over the ultimatum.

* * *

For the benefit of fat men who have enviously eyed rhumba enthusiasts for the past few years, **Vincent Lopez,** dance orchestra leader currently at New York's Hotel Astor, and Arthur Murray, dancing-master, have concocted a new step. It is the "Lopez Lope," a simplified version to be danced either to rhumba or fox-trot music. At the Astor Grill, Miss Joanne, of the dance team of Walton and Joanne, performed the simple steps with Ernest Jaag for the edification of possible devotees in New York.

Miss Joanne and Ernest Jaag put to test a fat man's dance . . . the "Lopez Lope"

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RACING PIGEONS IN SPORT AND WAR

Cher Ami, Argonne Hero, Is Model of Message Carriers

A plump, tender squab at the neighborhood butcher's will probably cost you 75 cents. The same bird, older, tougher and alive, might cost you $500—provided it were a racing pigeon.

Somehow, the 7,236 members of the American Pigeon Racing Union who last year entered more than 1,500,000 birds in 5,590 official races, don't like to eat squab. They consider it a form of cannibalism.

For the miraculous "something" that brings homing pigeons back to their lofts is not only superhuman, but has thwarted human explanation during the centuries it has been recognized and utilized.

To some experts, such as Thomas Ross, in charge of the Army Signal Corps Training School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, the homing instinct is merely training. Birds are trained to believe they can find food only in the home loft. The mating urge, and an inherent sense of responsibility toward their young, increase their desire to come home. Q.E.D.

In familiar territory, where a homing pigeon might be expected to recognize landmarks, such an explanation holds. But it cannot explain the amazing feat of a homing pigeon which, released at Arras, France, on August 15, 1931, flew 7,200 miles to its home loft at Saigon, Indo-China, in just twenty-four days.

Ears—Possibly the explanation may be found in the pigeon's ears, which, like a human being's, contain a system of semicircular canals. These aural canals may act as a sort of earth-inductor compass, similar to the electromagnetic device used by Lindbergh on his flight to Paris. On the way out from Indo-China, in a wicker basket in the ship's hold, the pigeon's private earth-inductor apparatus may have recorded the direction in which he was moving, and then picked it up, in reverse, on the homeward passage.

If true, the theory, described by John Frazier Vance in *Scientific American*, would also clear up two other unexplained facts: That a pigeon seems to lose the homing instinct when its ears are stopped up; and that radio broadcasting activities have been known to throw birds off their course or make them abandon a flight altogether.

American interest in an art first practised by the ancient Persians was mainly fired by World War accomplishments of the Pigeon Section of the Army Signal Corps. During the St. Mihiel drive, 567 birds were used to carry dispatches.

Cher Ami—Most famous of the War birds was Cher Ami, whose mounted body is now displayed in Washington's National Museum. Through heavy artillery fire, Cher Ami flew out of the Argonne with information which saved 194 of the doomed 600 members of Major Whittlesley's "Lost Battalion," 77th Division.

Later, on his thirteenth flight from Verdun to Rampont, shrapnel tore off one of Cher Ami's legs. With the aluminum container dangling from the bleeding stump, the bird continued the flight and successfully delivered the message.

Stubbornness, rather than courage, probably prompted the storied exploits of Cher Ami and his loft-mates. But pigeons' military value is established. The Japanese Army maintains 20,000. In Japan, as in Germany, experiments are being conducted with small, panoramic cameras which, strapped to a bird's breast, make exposures at regular intervals in the flights over enemy territory.

Pretelegraphy—In peace-time, pigeons were used to conduct stock market transactions in pretelegraph days, and recently to keep Long Island fishing fleets in touch with land. On and off, for more than eighty years, they have delivered copy and, recently, photographs to newspapers.

In this country, pigeon fanciers' major interest is racing. Training begins as soon as the fledgling, or "squeaker," is ready to leave the nest. When a pigeon is six weeks old it is taken outside the loft for a few minutes, then put back in through a trap-door and fed immediately. Day after day this procedure is followed, until the bird learns that going through that same trap-door means food. It is never fed outside the loft.

At twelve weeks, the bird is taken a short distance from the loft, and the trainer inside rattles the food (corn and peas) in a tin cup. Daily the distance is increased. A homing pigeon will generally reach 300 miles the first season. It hits the full distance the fifth year. The average life of a pigeon is eight to ten years, tho some live twice that long.

When a trainer wishes to enter a bird in a race he takes him to the nearest officials about a week ahead of time, has a secretly-numbered rubber band placed on its leg, and ships it to the point of liberation. All the birds are released at the same time. They don't all fly the same distance, tho. Each race has a minimum distance the birds must cover. The home loft must be at least that far from the point of liberation. If it's farther, the bird gets a "fly-over" allowance.

As soon as a competing bird reaches its home loft, the rubber band is removed and placed in a sealed time clock. The clock, with the bird's registered number, color and sex noted, is sent off to the judges. First prize goes to the bird making the fastest average speed, which is always computed in yards per minute. A pigeon owned by Lewis F. Curtis, of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, won a 600-mile race in 1932 in nine hours, twenty-seven seconds. Average speed: Exactly 1,869 yards a minute, or better than sixty miles an hour.

Memory—When racing pigeons are released from their crates, they spiral upward for twenty seconds, level off, and streak for home. Their eyesight, like their memory for landmarks, is remarkable. Apparently, they can see many times as far as human beings.

© Paramount News from Keystone

Aerial photographer: the carrier-pigeon enters another field of service to man . . . a panoramic camera strapped to a bird's breast automatically snaps photos while the bird is in flight

In flight, pigeons don't follow an absolutely straight course for the home loft. They take it the easiest way, and will fly miles around storms or fogs. Moisture is bad for their wings.

Usually, pigeons refuse to fly at night. Too many predatory birds around then.

Killed—Indeed, the current interest in falconry (Literary Digest, March 6, 1937) isn't creating any great stir of pleasure among pigeon-fanciers. Falcons kill off thousands of pigeons every year.

Hunters who can't tell whether a pigeon is racing or just cruising around are the No. 2 enemy. After almost every race, some owner finds his bird has picked up a few shotgun pellets *en route*. Lots of them are killed in flight.

Pigeons do their best racing when they are in love, or when they're raising families. They like to get back home as quickly as possible.

Pigeons are monogamists. They don't take much interest in building nests, considering a bare floor as suitable as a pile

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of twigs, but they are devoted husbands and wives. Males even take turns sitting on the eggs.

Pigeons reproduce at an appalling rate. If broods overlap, as they often do, the parents are pitilessly indifferent to the wants of the older offspring, even tho they may be almost completely helpless. They pay absolutely no attention to starving orphans.

Science and Medicine

ALLERGIC ADDICTS: But If You Don't Like Mother-in-Law You're Psychoallergic

All was going well with romance in the sitting-room until a Persian cat padded in and arched a friendly back against the ankle of the pretty girl's boy friend.

Romeo choked, the love-light in his eyes was replaced by a watery exudate, and his muscles of expiration contracted spasmodically. In brief, the young man wept and sneezed, stammered a strangled excuse and hurriedly went away, leaving his girl to ponder with her Persian over the shards of sentiment.

Later, after a dose of outdoor air, he explained sheepishly: "It was the cat, darling. The minute one comes into the room, I feel that I am suffocating."

No mystery to a physician, nor to most of the numerous victims who share the young man's cat phobia, is the cause of his attack of sneezing and strangling: He was allergic to cat's fur.

Popular—Hay-fever, an allergic disease, is largely responsible for the prominence of the word "allergy" in the layman's vocabulary. Allergies have become a popular and even prideful subject of bridge-table conversation. Allergies cover an infinitely wider range of ailments than mere hay-fever. It is estimated that from 7 to 10 per cent. of the nation's citizens are allergic to some substance or other, that they constitute the largest group of chronic diseases in medical practise.

An allergic person is an individual who is hypersensitive to substances which are perfectly harmless to most people. He reacts by breaking out in a case of hives, hay-fever, urticaria, asthma and similar manifestations. Maybe it's strawberries, a chocolate soda, wheat flour, or just sleeping on a feather bed which produces the symptoms. The allergic patient himself usually can't tell just what is causing his chronic misery.

If he goes to a physician, however, he soon finds out. The doctor gets out his set of diagnostic materials and proceeds to track down the particular protein to which the patient is hypersensitive. Neatly arranged in the test case are extracts of the 125-odd allergens (exciting substances) which the average individual meets in his daily routine. To determine which of these is causing the trouble, skin tests are made.

Test—The physician scratches the skin, taking care not to draw blood, places a drop of a suspected allergen on the tiny wound. From twenty to thirty substances can be tested at one sitting. If a large, red area develops about the scratch, then the patient is sensitive to that particular protein, and he can be warned to avoid lip-stick, rye flour or whatever substance proves to be the trouble-maker.

Scratch tests don't always give a complete diagnosis. Sometimes it is necessary to make deeper tests with sterile liquid extracts.

What can the allergic person do about it when he finds out what is making his life miserable? The simplest method is to avoid those substances. This is not always practical—the hay-fever patient, for instance, isn't always able to go to Duluth or Maine to avoid the pollens that bring on his sniffles. In such cases vaccine treatments often give the patient a temporary immunity. Newest hay-fever cure is the zinc ionization method, not so formidable as it sounds: A weak solution of zinc sulphate on gauze is applied to the nose, a mild electric current run through it, and zinc ions are liberated to reach the affected mucous membranes.

Keystone

A patient undergoing electrical treatment for hay-fever. Zinc ions are released on nasal membranes

Dramatic and popular as hay-fever is, the man who is allergic to foods is in an even prettier pickle. He has to eat, even when he knows that some article in his diet is causing him to break out in a rash. Unless he is hypersensitive to all foods, the chances are that steering him away from eggs, cream, milk, wheat flour and chocolate will help him.

Antiallergic—In New York City, the Allergic Products Company does a thriving business in the sale of products warranted not to contain an allergic kick in a carload. This store is run by Max and Nathaniel Wolff, the latter a pharmacist.

On the shelves of the store are piled cans containing odd varieties of foods: Goat's milk, soy-bean milk, potato flour, butter. The allergic who pays with a headache for indulgence in pancakes can purchase barley, tapioca, rye, rice, soy-bean or potato flour. The patient who breaks out with hives or eczema after a glass of milk can buy a non-allergic substitute in liquid or powdered form, made of ground soy-beans or dried goat's milk. This disposes of the wheat allergies, but for the third most common food allergen, eggs, no substitute has yet been found.

Stuffing materials in mattresses and pillows are a common cause of allergic reactions. Coverings of rubberized silk do a perfect job of relieving this source of irritation. But the Wolff brothers sell only on prescription.

In lip-stick and face powders lies the cause of asthma suffered by some women. The orris-root and starch bases of many cosmetics react unfavorably on the hypersensitive. A non-allergic face powder often clears up cases of this kind.

Recent research seems to indicate that certain purely mechanical factors, such as heat, cold and exercise, can act as allergens. The number of allergens may thus be extended infinitely beyond the 125 most common ones. Even the psychiatrists are beginning to adopt the term—people who react with verbal violence to certain words, ideas or people (such as mother-in-law, petting-party, communist) are said to suffer from psychoallergy.

STEEL HOMES: Factory Built, Mobile Houses For Peoria Workers

Out in Peoria, Illinois, a big factory door swung open and out chugged a tractor hauling a five-room house on a trailer.

Weighing forty-one tons, water-tight enough to be floated down a river like a raft, the house was no toy, but a dwelling being delivered to a building lot. As the house lumbered down the road on its sixteen-wheel trailer, the furnace blazed, warming the completely furnished rooms.

Arrived at the building site, a tractor crane hooked its chains to three steel rings in the house roof, yanked it bodily off the trailer and deposited it on the ground. Within a few hours, plumbing and electric connections were made with the pipes and wiring which had been built into the house walls at the factory, and the new home was ready for occupancy.

Thus ran the latest demonstration of what can be done with the all-steel, welded, prefabricated house. When the house left the factory of R. G. LeTourneau, Inc., construction and furnishing was complete

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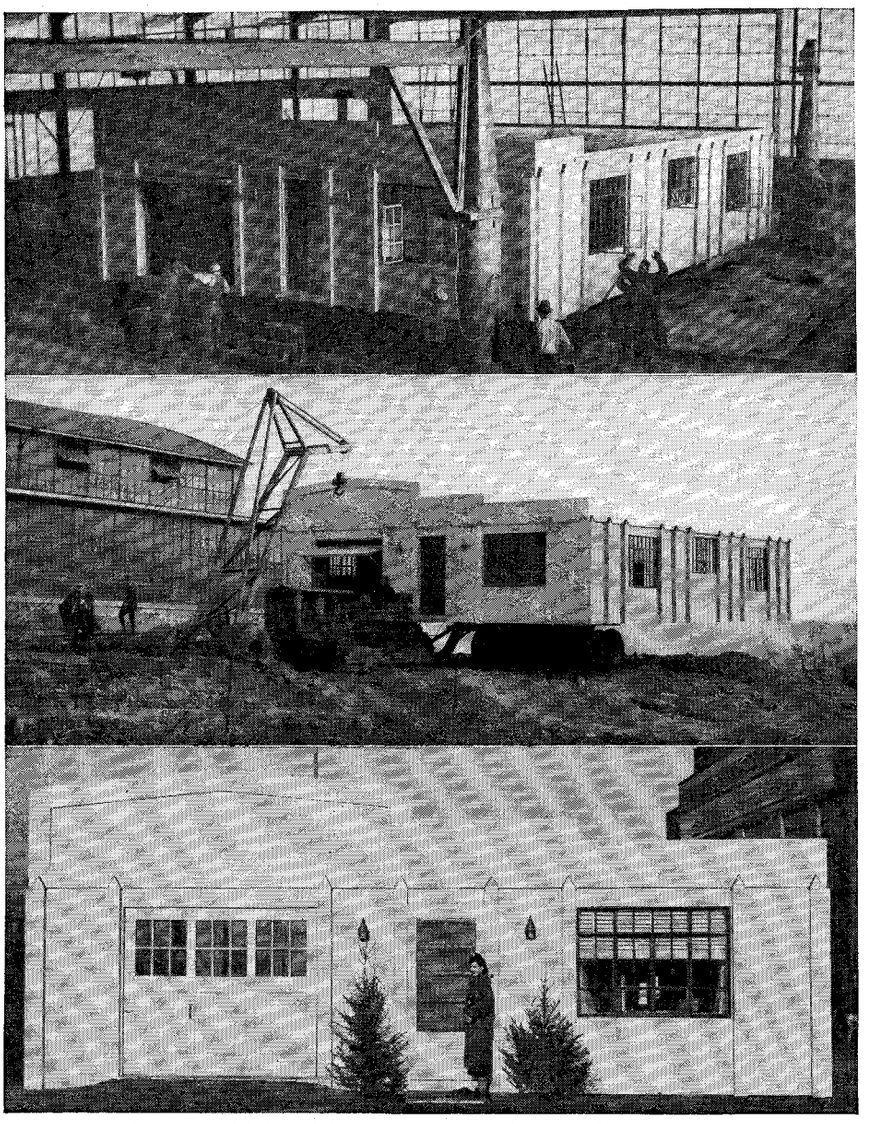


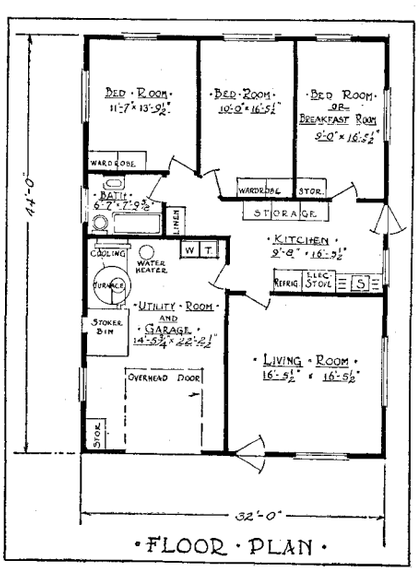
All-steel, prefabricated houses are completely assembled in a factory . . . rolled on wheels to any given plot of ground . . . and "planted"

except for wiring connections at the site. The company is building the houses for its employees, plans to float them across a river on their own bottoms to a permanent site. Two five-room houses (actually, they contain six rooms, including the built-in garage, laundry, and furnace room) have been completed. Last week the manufacture of these large houses with their 32 by 44-foot floor plans was interrupted to put thirty smaller houses, of two and three rooms, into production.

Welded—The house is all-steel inside and out, including the doors, window-sash, even the hot-air furnace. Included in the furnishings of the completed building as it was delivered on its trailer were electric water heater, electric range, coal stoker, steel furnace, overhead garage door, Venetian blinds, and air-conditioning system, all covered by a $3,500 bill of material.

Costs are expected to be lowered on a mass production basis. Reception of the first houses indicates a ready market for a substantial factory-built house.

In assembling the house, welding is used throughout. The floor structure is completed first, out of regular steel units; then the ceiling is finished, heating and cooling pipes installed, insulation blown into the six-inch space separating roof from ceiling. Then the wall sections, containing conduits for wires, are set in place on the floor structure and welded to it, the roof is swung on and welded into place, the furnishings are installed. With the decorating of the rooms the house is ready for delivery and the new home owner can move in.



A neat five-room layout provides a maximum economy of space

HERE'S HOW: Editor and Publisher Tells Newsmen How, When, What—to Drink

Editor & Publisher is a trade journal of the newspaper craft, studied weekly by executives, reporters and cubs of the Fourth Estate. Recently the magazine has been giving news workers some sound advice on health hazards of the trade. Last week, under the heading "If You Must Drink, Here's How," it presented some common-sense rules on (1) how to avoid, and (2) how to cure a hangover.

Pooh-poohing the legendary bibulousness of the news-hawk, asserting without regret that the reporter of to-day is not the two-fisted drinker of yesteryear, *Editor & Publisher* concedes that the nervous strain of newspaper work makes relaxation imperative, and that "alcoholic drinks are the means of relaxation frequently used." To alleviate the dire consequences of drink, the magazine suggests:

If you're going to drink, eat!

Alcohol is much less damaging after eating and is still less damaging if there is a high fat content in the food, because alcohol and fat mix.*

Diluted—If you're going to drink, take your alcohol diluted. A highball is less damaging than a cocktail.

If you possibly can, after drinking, get some exercise in fresh air. This helps eliminate alcohol by oxidation through the lungs.

One of the worst things to do is to take alcohol to get warm outdoors. It dilates the blood vessels in the skin; the blood is cooled too much, which predisposes to such dangers as pneumonia.

Good liquors and wines not only taste better, but they do not hurt so much.

Altho a "pick-up" the next morning may apparently work, it is dangerous because a couple of hours afterward the system is more tired than ever. The best thing is a quick physic, a hot shower, followed by a cold one and a rub-down. Ordinary baking-soda or any alkalizing agent generally will get rid of the hangover headache.

If you must get drunk, don't do it too frequently. Alcohol helps destroy nerve tissue and it takes at least three days for the system to regrow the tissue thus destroyed.

*Hence the frequent practise of those who must drink and not show it; butter is eaten liberally or such substances as olive oil are consumed before drinking.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Comfort—Diving-suits with hot-water heating systems are offered to undersea workers by a French inventor. The rubber diving-suit is made in two layers, with a space between the sections through which a stream of hot water is circulated. The diver regulates the temperature by valves.

* * *

No Synthesis—Milk cows will be glad to learn they face no immediate prospect of unemployment. Dr. James A. Tobey has just reported that altho chemists have identified 101 different substances of which milk is composed, science is unable to put milk together the way a cow does. Apparently there are nutritive substances contained in milk which have escaped analysis.

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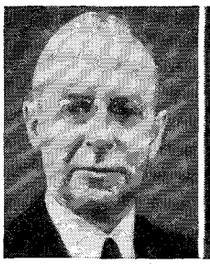
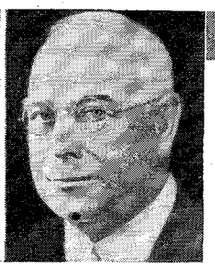
Board of Directors



JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL
President, Yale University



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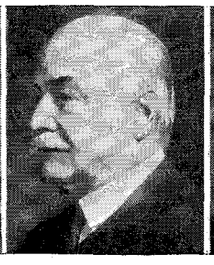
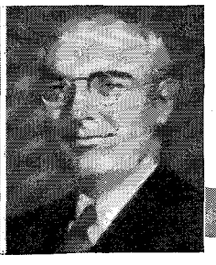
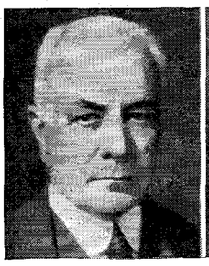


NICHOLAS M. BUTLER
President, Columbia University



CHARLES A. CANNON
President, Cannon Mills Co.



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ASSETS		Per Cent of each item to Total Assets
Cash on Hand, or in Bank	$61,082,294.13	2.54
United States Government, direct, or fully guaranteed, Bonds	440,280,359.82	18.31
State, County and Municipal Bonds	228,059,533.25	9.49
Railroad Bonds	327,501,466.21	13.62
Public Utility Bonds	215,994,580.80	8.98
Industrial and other Bonds	26,818,027.51	1.12
Canadian Bonds	57,048,825.88	2.37
Foreign Bonds	317,330.50	.01
Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks	84,036,258.00	3.50
Real Estate Owned (*Including Home Office*)	126,631,821.63	5.27
Foreclosed Real Estate Subject to Redemption	3,521,041.35	.15
First Mortgages on City Properties	404,236,105.38	16.81
First Mortgages on Farms	7,867,995.97	.33
Policy Loans	361,232,688.26	15.02
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	29,154,196.50	1.21
Net Amounts of Uncollected and Deferred Premiums	30,338,272.23	1.26
Other Assets	115,616.16	.01
TOTAL	$2,404,236,413.58	100%

Bonds eligible for amortization are carried at their amortized values determined in accordance with the laws of the State of New York. All other bonds and all guaranteed and preferred stocks are carried at market values as furnished by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. Securities amounting to $36,145,051, included above, are deposited as required by law.

OVER 199 million dollars was paid or credited in 1936 to policyholders and beneficiaries. This is a measure of the Company's service in a single year in providing human comfort and family protection.

On December 31, 1936, the Company had 2,722,956 policies in force guaranteeing insurance protection of more than six and a half billion dollars, to be exact, $6,660,968,484.

THOS. A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board*
51 MADISON AVENUE

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NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

regularly to supervise the Company's operations.

The Directors devote their experience, their judgment, and the necessary time to this work in the interest of the millions of people protected by this cooperative, non-profit institution. On these two pages are the portraits of the men who constitute the Board of Directors.

ALFRED L. AIKEN
President

92d ANNUAL STATEMENT DECEMBER 31, 1936

LIABILITIES and RESERVES

Insurance and Annuity Reserve	$1,957,638,266.00
Present Value of Future Instalment Payments	97,225,326.62
Dividends Left with the Company at Interest	100,709,573.83
Other Policy Liabilities	16,054,897.36
Premiums, Interest and Rents Prepaid	11,284,946.96
Miscellaneous Liabilities	3,337,471.86
Reserve for Taxes	5,856,238.81
Reserve for Dividends payable to Policyholders	38,233,060.00
Special Investment Reserve	50,000,000.00
Surplus funds reserved for general contingencies	123,896,632.14
TOTAL	$2,404,236,413.58

A more complete report listing the securities owned by the Company will gladly be sent upon request.

JAMES G. HARBORD
Chairman of the Board, Radio Corporation of America

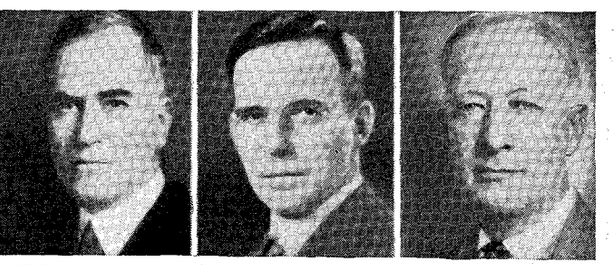
CHARLES D. HILLES
Resident Manager, New York State, Employers' Liability Assurance Corp.

HALE HOLDEN
Chairman of Southern Pacific Company

HERBERT HOOVER
Former President of the United States

PERCY H. JOHNSTON
Chairman of the Board, Chemical Bank & Trust Co.

WILLARD V. KING
Retired



GERRISH H. MILLIKEN
President, Deering, Milliken & Company

EDWARD L. RYERSON, JR.
Vice-Chairman, Inland Steel Company

ALFRED E. SMITH
President, Empire State Inc.

J. BARSTOW SMULL
Vice-President, J. H. Winchester & Company

PERCY S. STRAUS
President, R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.

RIDLEY WATTS
Director, Chemical Bank & Trust Co.

The 451 million dollars of new insurance issued and the 46 million dollars paid to the Company by men and women for annuities in 1936 reflect continued public confidence and participation in the cooperative security offered by the New York Life.

As we enter 1937, New York Life continues in its preeminently strong financial position. *Safety is always the first consideration . . . nothing else is so important.*

ALFRED L. AIKEN, *President*
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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MANIKINS, MODELS, MAKE-UP, MANNERS

Carol Lynn Gives Success Note in "Modeling for Money"

Even before the first robin hops into view, clothes-conscious matrons, working girls and debs are glancing uneasily at their figures and pocketbooks in an effort to gage their spring wardrobes. Are "they" wearing three-piece suits this year? And how well will a three-piece suit set over that extra ten pounds put on during the winter?

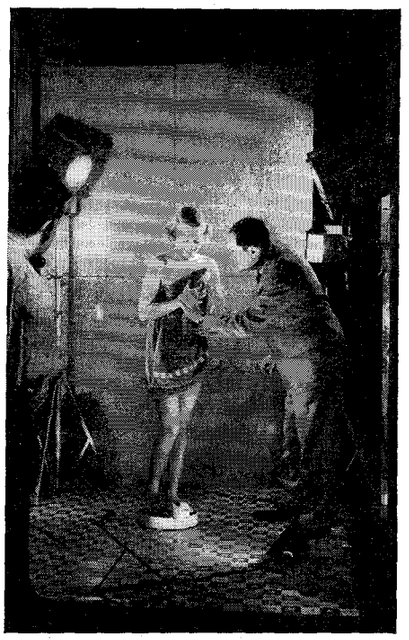
For the nation's models, lure for the purchase of expensive creations, such problems hold no terrors. Of course they'll be wearing three-piece suits, and for professional clothes-horses there are no extra ten pounds to be reckoned with. Integral parts of their business are the possession of a trim figure and the simple, effective secrets of the trade. Equipped with the knowledge of how to walk, how to wear make-up, what to say, no manikin fears a wholesale or retail show—or even the ultraexclusive fashion show for wealthy patrons.

Indeed, the fashion show is the model's greatest joy.

The scene is, perhaps, the Rainbow Room in far-famed Radio City. The manikin, selected from the hundred applicants, arrives at the dressing-quarters—long rooms with dressing-tables and racks and racks of clothes. Beyond is another room with a long table loaded with hats. Another has gloves and bags. At each table the hopeful store has an attendant to guard the luxuries for the right manikins. Excited chatter fades as each girl becomes wrapped in the process of spreading foundation cream and moist rouge.

Crucial Moment—With complexion perfect, the model looks at her rack of clothes, sees that they are in numerical order and carefully gets into her first number, fastens the snaps, smooths her hair and waits her turn.

Outside, the show is going on. Before the assembled society women, model after model parades. Then, for the waiting manikin, the crucial moment comes. She



Lamps glare . . . model's pose is adjusted . . . a commercial ad is in the making

steps out of the dressing-room, approaches the announcer and hands him a slip describing her costume.

At this very instant, into effect go all the simple, infallible rules of modeling. The manikin, with a pace carefully natural, walks to the footlights of the stage, paces back, turns to her audience of sophisticated patrons who are mentally picturing the garment on their own exclusive backs. A turn about the stage completes the manikin's first act. She then glances quickly at the number of steps that lead to the floor below, and with all her art, walks down those stairs.

For an amateur, this is Waterloo. But the professional descends with full grace (see cut) to give her spectators a closer view of costuming at its best.

On and on the manikin walks, pausing before each woman who seems a potential customer to repeat the description of the costume. The rounds made, she returns to the dressing-room to slip into her next number.

How is it done? How can the average woman benefit from the model's technique? How can the well-figured young girl get into the glamourous field of professional modeling?

For the first time, a highly-paid model, familiar with all the ropes, gives the answers.

Cataloged—Any one contemplating modeling for a career, says Carol Lynn in "Modeling for Money," had better find out first which of the four standard sizes she fits into:

Junior model—used in the wholesale district in some debutante shops. She is distinctly a youthful, schoolgirl type with the following measurements:

Height—5′ 5″ to 5′ 6″ with high heels.
Hips—33½″ to 34½″
Waist—24″ to 25″
Bust—32″ to 33″

Size 12—used for dresses and coats and suits by retail and wholesale firms. Height varies according to the type of garments to be shown.

Height—5′ 7″ with high heels.
Hips—34½″ to 35″
Waist—25½″ to 26½″
Bust—33″ to 34″

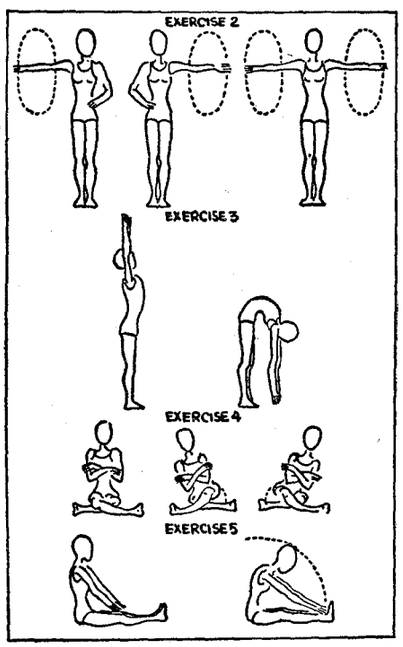
Size 14—most popular of the sizes and best equipment for the beginner.

Height—5′ 7½″ to 6′ with high heels.
Hips—35″ to 36½″
Waist—26½″ to 28″
Bust—34″ to 35″

Size 16—this size used in the women's dress section of many department stores and by shops catering to more mature clients.

Height—5′ 7″ to 5′ 9″ with high heels.
Hips—36½″ to 39½″
Waist—28″ to 29½″
Bust—35″ to 36½″

For the girls who are size eighteen, there is no cause for discouragement. Commercial photography and millinery modeling



Exercises to Aid the Figure

(2) Heels together, left hand on hip, right arm out to side. Make a wide circle starting toward the back. Repeat ten times. Circle forward with same arm. Alternate.

(3) Erect, heels together, arms over head. Bend down and touch floor, keeping knees straight. Repeat ten times.

(4) Sit on floor, legs and feet crossed, arms folded. Rock from side to side as far over on each thigh as you can go without losing balance. Repeat for ten minutes.

(5) Sit on floor, feet together, hands to toes, bend backward and forward.

(6) Sit on floor, legs wide apart. Bend over and touch right hand to left toe, ten times. Repeat with left hand to right toe.

(7) Sit on floor, legs straight out together. Work your way across the floor, using first one foot, then the other. Do this for five minutes.

(8) Lie flat on back, arms outstretched over head. Raise body, touch hands to toes and return to prone position. Repeat ten times.

(9) Stand erect with feet eighteen inches apart, hands over head, thumbs linked. Keep knees straight. Bend over to left and touch the left heel. Return to position. Repeat to the right. Alternate for ten times.

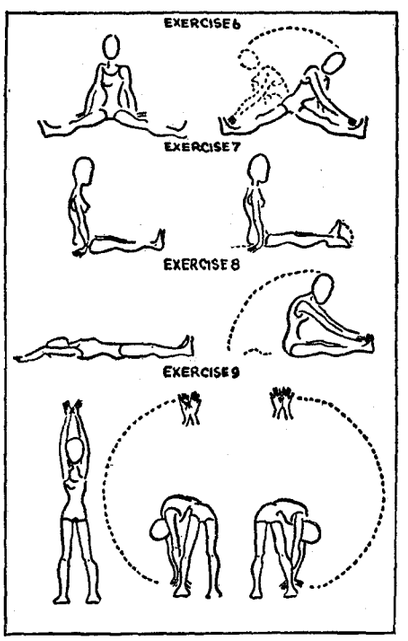


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Photo Bruno of Hollywood

Miss Wilson . . . bill-board Venus supreme in the outdoor advertising world

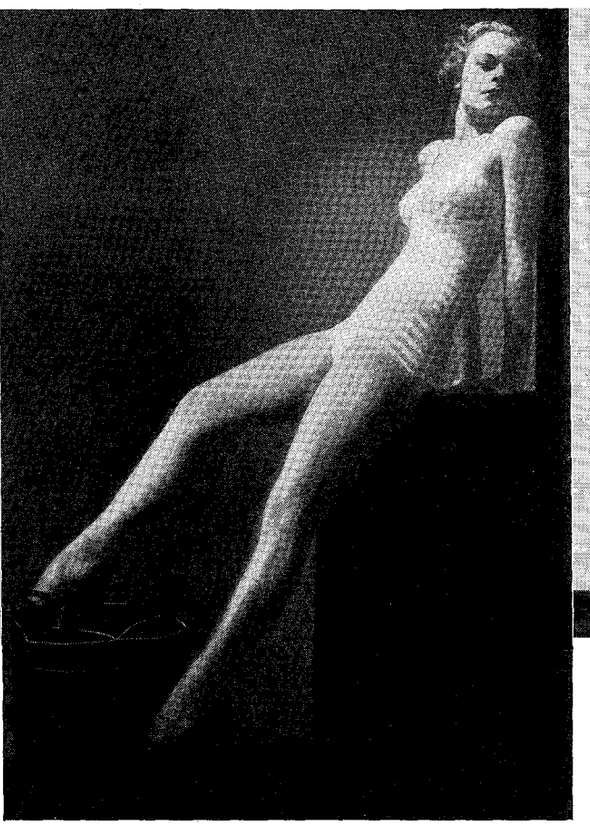


Photo Goold Studios

Betty Ghear, perfect for underwear ads . . . height 5' 9", weight 120 lbs., bust 34", waist 25", hips 36"

Photo Paul A. Hesse Studios

Miss Wyman . . . "tops" among models in the display of fashions

stand as open fields for them. Here the requirements are less rigid. Photographers look chiefly for girls of college and debutante type, but have considerable call for young and middle-aged matrons. Millinery types vary with the individual manufacturer, but the size requirements are unanimous. Head size, 21½ to 22.

Course Clear—Once a girl has decided that a little exercise or dieting will bring her figure into line for some sort of modeling job, the course is clear. First, she must exercise.

That means starting with No. 1—breathing exercises—and working through exercises 2 to 9 inclusive (see list and diagrams on page 22).

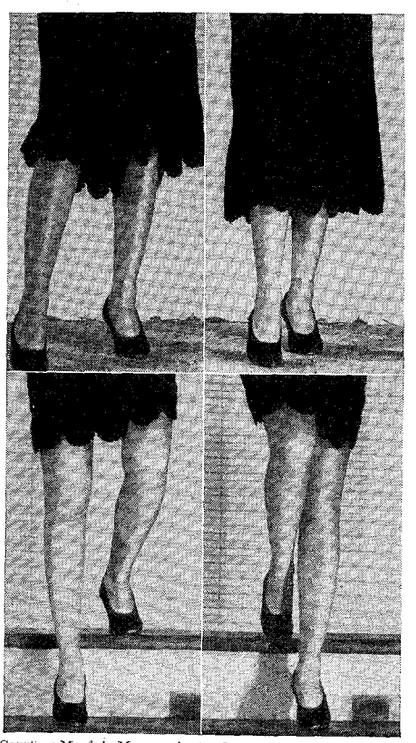
Next the aspirant must concentrate on exercises for her back. The back is the crisis center of all dresses. Key-exercise in the beautiful back series comes when she stands against a wall, heels together, with toes pointing out. She touches the wall with her shoulders, keeping her stomach in—spine touching along the wall. Relax, and repeat twenty times. In an amazingly short time, says expert Carol Lynn, comes the carriage of a model—naturally swinging hips, shoulders and stomach back.

With figure trimmed down and properly placed, the applicant considers the far-famed manikin's walk. How is it developed? How does that magic lilt get into mere stepping around?

To acquire a walk, the student slips into her high-heel pumps and goes into her stance—erect, feet together, stomach in, hips slightly forward. With medium-sized steps, she walks the floor in a straight line. No looking down; that's not fair. Once the walk is perfected, she progresses to putting a book or magazine on her head and repeating the process until she has poise and superb carriage.

Getting a Job—At this point, the applicant for a modeling livelihood and the amateur who would simply look well-dressed, part company. For the amateur, little more can be done. Attention to exercise, hair, selection of clothes are her further concerns, and she must make up her own mind on them.

For the model, there remain all the ropes of job-getting to untangle. Actually, it's pretty simple. If the manikin lives in the outer regions of America her only hope is to apply for modeling in local department store shows—or come to New York, garment center of the country. Once in the big city, she goes to one of the State-licensed agencies, fills out a card stating: Age, address, phone number, height with high heels, weight, bust measurement, waist and hip size. When it comes to the space for experience on the application card, the young hopeful had better say something, even if it's a fabrication.



Courtesy Mayfair Mannequin Academy

The wrong way . . . and right way. Good models keep feet together, toes forward

If the model gets a job with a small firm, she's apt to make a top figure of $25 a week. If she impresses one of the larger retail salons or high-priced wholesale houses, her average salary will come somewhat higher—$30 to $50 a week.

Once employed, the manikin learns the do's and don't's quickly. Never should she accept an assignment she can not fill.

She must always promptly pay the agency that gets her her job. There are no personal phone calls at the office. Always she is careful of her street wear, maintaining as much of her professional chic as she can afford.

Modeling for Money. By Carol Lynn. (New York: Greenberg, $1.50.) 120 pages.

THE NEW COVER: Lejaren à Hiller Designs Cover Art for The Literary Digest

This week's cover of The Literary Digest starts a new era in magazine cover design. After searching for months, then sending up a number of trial balloons, the Editors decided that candid camera shots did not best express the timeliness and the interpretative qualities of the new Digest. Lejaren à Hiller is the answer; photographic art the result.

Watching Lejaren à Hiller click his camera makes photography seem simplicity itself. It is the preparation which takes place before the recording shutter snaps open that demands the directorial imagination of a Reinhardt and Goya's eye for composition.

Hiller, who began his career as a promising young illustrator, long ago decided that his interest lay, not in sitting at a

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drawing-board and sketching some far-away land, but in expressing the same subjects photographically. And because Hiller could not go to the mountains, he brought the mountains to him.

Hiller outwits his lenses. By proper lighting, scene construction and his unsurpassed knowledge of photography, he makes his camera see the things he wants it to see—ignore those he wants ignored.

Thirty-four years of experience, the patience of a saint and that intangible quality which makes one person better than another has gone into the "Spanish Street Scene" cover. First came a series of conferences with the Editors, a series of rough sketches which must suggest more of the anguish that is war-torn Spain than could any candid camera shot. Next he drew for his assistants detailed plans which included every object he needed in his "set."

Studio—Hiller's studio at the New York offices of Underwood & Underwood is a smaller version of Hollywood's motion-picture sets. And just as Hollywood uses screens for a background in many a shot, so does Hiller. His screen is a permanent one, however, a large linoleum which gets a fresh painting for every picture being set up.

In the meantime, truckmen have gone out for brick and stone (four tons of it), the wood and the twisted metal that build up the middle background which shows in front of the back screen. Actors receive instruction, with Hiller himself posing expressions. A trial rehearsal, a last-minute changing of lighting effects, and the camera clicks through its lens a child's face that is unforgetable, a hand that clutches under a falling brick, the horror that is civil war in Spain.

Yet, when Hiller, a young commercial artist with a vision of what might be in photography, tried to sell his early idea, his method of approach went begging. His first sale of photo reenactment was for a series of articles on the St. Louis World's Fair (1904). Advertisers, on the hunt for new means of attracting attention, finally allowed him to introduce the artistic methods popular to-day in advertising.

Underwood & Underwood

Lejaren à Hiller will inject drama into posed photographs for Literary Digest covers

In the camera eye of Hiller, there is nothing so interesting as a face. "It's the human things I'm interested in, not the inanimate objects." He depends much less than do other photographers on models supplied by casting agents. He prefers to use a real policeman when he needs one; nor does he hesitate to grab one off his beat.

Recently, he wanted a circus barker, saw just the man strolling through the studio. In no time, he had the man in costume. It wasn't until after the picture was taken and the barker was getting his check that Hiller discovered he had employed one of his company's most important clients.

Movie Stars—Many of Hiller's models through the years have reached the heights of film fame and fortune. He used to pose William S. Hart for Western stories, at thirty-five cents an hour—Hart supplying his own costume and saddle. Billie Dove, Neil Hamilton, Alice Joyce all posed for him.

He made a short movie with Mary Astor, on the strength of which performance she went to Hollywood.

To-day at fifty-five, Hiller has given up all commercial drawing, tho until a year ago he did a cover for *Munsey's* for thirty years. He lives in New York and works ten months out of every year. The other two he jaunts off to foreign ports. Traveling is his hobby, and forty-nine countries his score.

He is no fusser about cameras; all he asks is that they work. He refuses to wear underwear, can't remember any one's name, including a man who wrote his biography. Modest, unassuming, he sees no reason why anything he has done warrants any attention. He believes, after photographing women of forty-nine nationalities, dressed and nude, that American girls have the best figures in the world, and will stack them up against any others anywhere.

PAVLOWA PANEL: Richmond Views Hoffman's Art After Long Interlude

"I had a marvelous idea in church," Louise Branch told her mother, Mrs. John Kerr Branch, two months ago. The idea, so Richmond, Virginia, rumor runs, that was sandwiched between prayers and a sermon, was responsible for the exhibit of Malvina Hoffman's sculpture at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts which opened last week. It is a comprehensive show including 152 pieces covering Miss Hoffman's career in art from 1910 to the present.

Miss Branch, niece of James Branch Cabell of writing fame, recently met Miss Hoffman, fell in love with her work, and wanted to introduce it to Richmond. To the showing in the historic Confederate Capital came art critics and social leaders from most Eastern coast cities.

From Miss Hoffman's most important commission, the Chicago Field Museum's order to sculpt 105 pure-bred examples of the human race in their native habitats, seventy-two pieces were included. Virginians marveled at their classic strength, but critics who had seen them many times before rushed to see twenty-five panels in bas-relief forming a frieze, "Bacchanale," depicting the late Anna Pavlowa and her partner, Mordkin, in their memorable dance of that name.

Six years ago in Paris, Miss Hoffman had almost completed the work, with the help of her friend the dancer. Altho it took only four minutes to complete the dance, the sculptor had worked on her plaster interpretation for four years. Then suddenly Pavlowa died at The Hague of pneumonia. Distressed at the loss of her friend, Miss Hoffman locked up the panels, too heart-broken to continue work, and swore never to show them.

But Miss Branch and other Richmond art patrons persuaded her to reconsider, and critics consequently are indebted to Virginia eloquence. Not only for their artistic merit, but for the captured magic of unequaled grace and motion that Pavlowa alone possessed, the panels stand as a major work.

Originally designed for a theater Pavlowa planned to build, the future destination of the frieze is indefinite. It will remain on exhibit during the present month, then will be returned to Miss Hoffman's New York studio.

Included in the Richmond exhibit are two portrait busts of Pavlowa and the familiar bronze, "Pavlowa Gavotte."

"POOR JACK": "Give Yourself Background" Arrays Social Self-Improvement Aids

The room is ornate, dark with heavy drapes and dim lights. Furniture of substantial mahogany stands about. A young man is staring out of the window, half hidden behind the drapes, his face taut with surprize and shame. For in the background a group of men are talking about him, unaware of his presence. To his mortification, one clubman is saying:

"Poor Jack. He's a nice fellow, but he doesn't quite fit in here. His background is different."

Familiar to American readers is this little drama, classic of the advertisements for a quick veneer of culture. And to a million self-conscious Americans and Fraser

© Malvina Hoffman

One of 25 panels . . . Malvina Hoffman depicts Anna Pavlowa in her famous dance "Bacchanale"

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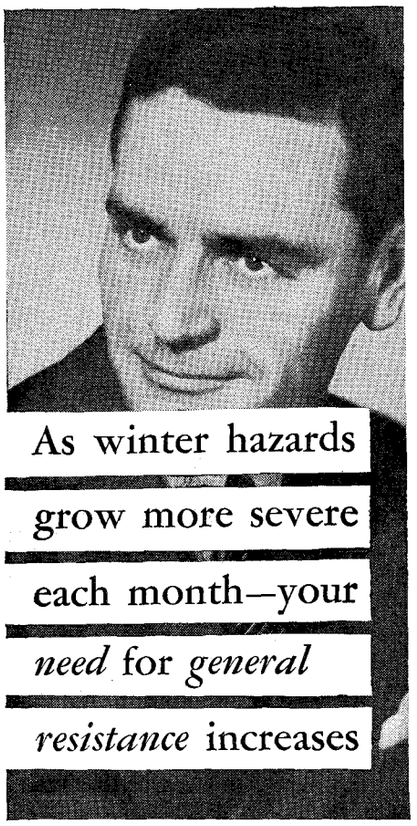


Earlier in the season, you probably had some stored-up reserve to help protect you against common discomforts. But since then you've no doubt been through a strenuous winter with too little exercise, rest, and sunshine. Your general *resistance* may be low.

Low general resistance helps to explain why many people are affected by winter discomforts now. It's also the reason they have more trouble "throwing off" these conditions at the end of the season than at the beginning.

The wisest course, by far, is to take precautions *before* you're uncomfortable. This can be done by using some resistance-building measure *as a regular routine every day.*

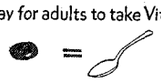
Begin now with *Adex!* With Adex, you get the protective benefits of Vitamin A. This factor specifically helps to increase your general resistance. Adex also provides "sunshine" Vitamin D which you should get from a *special* source at this trying season.

In both Adex tablets and capsules, only *natural* sources of the vitamins are used, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

Take Adex *every day.* That's how to benefit most. Have it on the breakfast table every morning. Now at any reliable drug store in tablets and capsules. Made only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Bond, culture is a pretty important problem. It's culture that's behind the little phrases so effective in getting places: "It's always a pleasure to meet him. He's so interesting," or, "She's just the one for the job; she's got a good background." The mysterious *x* quantity that causes the click of collapse of any one's hopes is—culture. It's not, assures Professor Bond, a discouraging matter at all. Culture can, as the advertisements say, be acquired. What's more, this isn't restricted to teachable young dogs, for life may really begin at forty. All that's necessary is the desire to improve the mind.

Good English—The well-intentioned ignoramus, on his toes, thoughtful and observant, can accomplish a great deal through his own efforts. First step in mind-improving is the cessation of all hostilities with the King's English. To get anywhere, good English is essential. Folk uncertain of their mother tongue are inclined to mutter it, and this is a thoroughly bad practise. Pronunciation (see test) must be clear and correct. Not that it's a simple job. Friendships have been broken by wrangles over pronunciation, but the alert reformer can compare his speech with that of the local banker or minister and find thereby a good guide for his own. Add to this a little note-book for jotting down all words that cause embarrassment because their meanings or mouthings were incorrect, supplemented by study of these tongue-twisters, and the speech problem is well on the way to solution.

The vocabulary of the average business man is apt to be small, according to Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, Managing Editor of the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary—10,000 words or fewer. If the mere jotting down of words seems dull, it's a good idea to investigate their derivation as a source of fun. Where did the word "boycott" come from? Why did honest housewives glow with pride a hundred years ago when called "hussies"? Then, if dictionary definitions seem long and pointless, let the aspirant figure out a few of his own. What's a good description of a horse? Actually, what is a chair? In short order, words will become tough and interesting customers to deal with.

Then there's the popular word game that

How Many Can You Pronounce?

How many words in the following paragraphs can you pronounce correctly? *

"Under the azure sky crouched an indisputable Indian. His forehead was bedizened with herbage, and he wore a scarlet belt about his abdomen. Tho his conduct was exemplary and decorous, he lived in extraordinary squalor.

"Tho, like a patriot, familiar with the tribal legends his parents had taught him, he knew little beyond legendary lore, and was ignorant of our national literature, and of the process of telegraphy.

"He knew nothing of calligraphy, and very little about finance. He was not an aspirant for Parliament, but he hoped to exorcise evil spirits from the epoch by the advertisement of an Indian sacrifice. When granted a favor, he sought the apotheosis of his patron." (From "Give Yourself Background," by Fraser Bond.)

*Correct pronunciations on Page 26.

THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA JOE—SWITCHING ME BACK TO USING GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR. MY FACE FEELS SWELL!
NOW HE KNOWS YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

For Grand Shaves Day After Day

—use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor

WHETHER you spend most of your time outdoors or in, you'll welcome the genuine shaving comfort you get with a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor.

The Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade are made for each other. Designed by the same engineers and produced in the same factory, they work perfectly together in giving you grand shaves day after day.

Hard Enough to Cut Glass

With the care and precision usually employed only in great scientific laboratories, Gillette Blades are fashioned from the world's finest steel. They are tempered to such hardness that they can actually cut glass. Huge grinding machines grind, hone and strop the edges so keen that they are *invisible* to the human eye and can be measured only by a beam of light.

Make This Test

If you have strayed away from using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor, make this test. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and use one in your Gillette Razor tomorrow. See if it doesn't give you the finest shave you ever had. See if you don't agree that shaving comfort is at its best when your razor and blade match!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday Nights—10 P. M. E. S. T.

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

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haunts the hobby page of newspapers, called "transdeletion." To play, pick out a fair-sized word, drop any letter from it and make another word through rearrangement. For example: "Ypsilanti," minus the final *i* becomes "ptyalins." Another letter off, it becomes "plaints," and so on down through a series of steps, until it at last becomes the article "a."

But there can't be too much lingering over the sport of words. There's the serious business of reading to be dealt with. Far too many folk fall prey to reading for the sake of uttering: "You simply must read 'Sour Grapes'! It's really splendid!"

Even if this sin is not committed, there are a large number of book fans who devote their exclusive attentions to wild Westerns or fairy-tales of poor girls marrying princes, doctored up for adults. Other folk read books to find some one who agrees with them.

More praiseworthy citizens are those who read for information, and the few who savor books as others do wines.

To do any boot-strap lifting from the gossiping-reader class to the elevation of true bookwormism, the candidate should select some particular field to read in. His simplest course then is to go to the local library, find a sympathetic librarian and ask for help. The choice of books thereby becomes an easy thing, devoid of guesswork.

Major Fields—Once the chosen field has been fairly dug, the book explorer will find about twenty-two other major fields he can afford to plow. But there's little to stop at, once these have yielded their crop. For example, there remain the six major sources of English-speaking quotations: The Bible, "Aesop's Fables," Shakespeare, "Alice in Wonderland," Bullfinch's "Mythology," and Gilbert and Sullivan.

Should any of these books possess passages that really intrigue their reader, his best course for acquiring them permanently lies in prompt memorization. Gone are the days when the process of memorizing was an arduous job. To-day, thanks to psychology, the difficulty has vanished. First, the significant facts of the material are picked out, then recited over and over again—but not by repeating one line at a time until it's firmly embedded. It's much more efficient to go over the whole selection time and again to insure a general idea of what it's all about. Once the material is firmly planted, it should be forgotten for a while. After the lapse of a week or so, it should be hauled into the mind again; then perhaps allowed to sink back for six months before another recall.

Such tactics can be applied with equal ease to reading or mental reviewing of plays or movies, for of course the well-educated man attends his local theater or cinema. Soundest choice of pictures—if they can be seen—lies in film classics such as "Anna Karenina," "David Copperfield," "We Live Again" and "Camille." For change of diet, there are equally worthy films from contemporary plays—"Winterset" and "The Petrified Forest."

Discipline—In between bouts with books and movies, there are magazines and newspapers to be reckoned with. If this doesn't fill the day, Author Bond suggests some other tasks in the form of "self-disciplines":

(1) One day a week, read a newspaper you do not ordinarily read.

(2) Listen to an unfamiliar radio program.

(3) Once a month, do something or go some place you do not usually include in your routine.

(4) Keep a diary—even if you record only the high point and the low point of each day.

(5) Take a few minutes before going to bed to review the happenings of the day.

For any one living alone and not liking it, the pursuit of culture is an occupation guaranteed to fill every spare moment, and fill it profitably.

Give Yourself Background. By F. Fraser Bond. (New York: Whittlesey House; $2.) 218 pages.

Blackstone Studios

From the pen of F. Fraser Bond . . . a book proving background available to all

How Many Did You Miss?

(Pronunciation of words in box on page 25; since the author is not everywhere in complete agreement with Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, the latter's preferences, prepared by Charles Earle Funk, one of the Editors, are included.)

WORD	AUTHOR'S	MR. FUNK'S
azure	azh'-ur	same
indisputable	in-dis-pū'-ta-b'l	in-dis'-piu-ta-b'l
forehead	far'-ed	fŏr'-ed
bedizened	bē-dīz'-'nd; bē-dīz'-'nd	same
herbage	Best American usage pronounces h	same
abdomen	ab-dō'-men	same; also ab'-do-men
exemplary	eg'-zem-pla-ri; eg-zem'-pla-ri	egz'-em-pla-ri
decorous	de-kō'-rus preferred; dek'-o-rus also used	same
extraordinary	eks-tror'-di-ner-i	eks-tror'-di-na-ri
squalor	*a* like *o* in *odd*; *o* like *o* in *connect*	*a* as in *all*
legends	lej'-endz	same
legendary	lej'-en-der-i	lej'-en-da-ri
literature	lit'-er-a-tūr	lit'-er-a-tiur
process	prŏs'-es; American usage pronounces *o* like *a* in *far*; British, like *o* in *old*	American, *o* as in *got*
telegraphy	te-leg'-ra-fi	same
calligraphy	ka-lig'-ra-fi	same
finance	fī-nans'; short *i* preferred	same
aspirant	as-pīr'-ant	same
Parliament	par'-li-ment	same
exorcise	ĕk'-sor-sīz	eks'-or-sīz
epoch	ĕp'-ok	same
advertisement	accent on second syllable preferred, with short *i*	same
sacrifice	sak'-ri-fīz	sak'-ri-fīs (noun) sak'-ri-fīz (verb)
apotheosis	a-poth-ē-ō'-sis	same; but ap'-o-thē'-o-sis preferred

COP AND KEEPER: Warden and Police Chief Discuss Crime and Correction in New Books

Herbert Wilson was a former minister of the First Baptist Church of San Diego, California. He had a gangster brother, Louis, who converted him from the ministry to crime. But the thoroughgoing habits of his early life didn't leave the convert. If he was going to be a burglar, he wanted to be a good one. First, he went to an industrial school and learned how to use an acetylene torch. Next, he went to Washington, D. C., to study explosives in the Bureau of Standards. He polished off with the study of the mechanisms of safe and burglar alarms. At last he was ready.

With his specialized knowledge, Burglar Wilson began business. Initial job was cracking the safe in a large chain grocery that netted him over $100,000. After that, he was riding high. Job after job was pulled, fetching him millions—and never a mistake was made. Police the country over wondered how it was done.

Slipped—Then one night Wilson slipped up. With his gang he was lifting the diamonds from a San Francisco store. The safe had been shot open, the loot was in the robbers' paws when the lookout whispered the cops were coming. In a split second, Wilson unthinkingly whipped off his gloves, reached up and unscrewed the light bulb overhead. Then they fled. But that was their downfall. In short order, the police had them, and Wilson and his mob went to jail.

In all probability, they landed in San Quentin under Warden James A. Johnston. There they quickly learned that prison life was different. Not that it was the rigorous routine of the early years of the century. No longer were prisoners put in

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strait-jackets with arms tightly bound to their bodies if they couldn't adjust themselves to the rigors of jail existence. Warden Johnston worked very hard to make prison life a reasonable system. In his long years managing San Quentin, Folsom and Alcatraz, he's tried to separate hardened offenders from first-term men.

So the two experts have worked. August Vollmer, as Chief of Los Angeles Police, catches the crooks through lie detectors, honest cops, deduction. Warden Johnston of U. S. Penitentiary, Alcatraz Island, California, takes over those of Vollmer's finds who have committed crimes against the Federal Government. Hand in hand, the two criminologists work. But on the subject of parole there is a difference of opinion. Vollmer, who puts them in, wants them kept there. Johnston, who has to keep them, can see pretty sound reasons why some of the well-meaning inmates should be let out.

Crime, Crooks and Cops. By August Vollmer and Alfred E. Parker. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; $2.) 260 pages.

Prison Life Is Different. By James A. Johnston. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin; $3.) 337 pages.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Abelard and Heloise.—"M. F.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Pierre Abelard* was a brilliant philosopher and theologian of the 12th century, born in 1079. Tho a priest, at the age of thirty-eight he became ardently attached to *Heloise,* the niece of Canon Fulbert. *Abelard* broke his vows to marry the beautiful girl. Her uncle, however, so as not to retard the brilliant priest's advancement, denied the marriage, and succeeded in separating the two. *Heloise* subsequently took the veil as a nun when *Abelard* became a monk in the Abbey of St. Denis in Paris. Eventually *Abelard* retired from St. Denis and built a hermitage called the Paraclete, and when appointed abbot of St. Gildas de Rhuys, gave the Paraclete to *Heloise* who became the abbess of a sisterhood of nuns. His teachings having been condemned, *Abelard* retired to the monastery of Cluny and died in 1142, and *Heloise* had his remains interred at the Paraclete. She died in 1163. The ashes of both were taken to Paris, and, in 1828, were buried in a single sepulcher in Pere-la-Chaise.

balance.—"D. A. P.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The use of *balance* in the examples cited is condemned by the dictionary as colloquial and inelegant. In discussing this usage, the dictionary says: "*Balance* is a much-abused word. As an accountant's term, the *balance* is that which must be added to the less or subtracted from the greater of two amounts, as receipts and expenses, to make them equal, so as to 'balance' the account; it does not properly denote what is left of anything after a part has been taken away; that is the *remainder.* 'The *balance* of one's dinner' and 'the *balance* of the evening' are at best objectionable colloquialisms. Say 'the *rest*' or 'the *remainder.*'" Accordingly in each instance, the examples should be either "the *rest* of the order," or "the *remainder* of the order."

pope (English).—"D. J. S.," Enfield, Mass.—Yes, there has been an English pope. Pope Adrian IV was born in Langley, England. His name was Nicholas Breakspeare. In 1137, he became abbot of St. Albans, was appointed cardinal-bishop in 1146, and was raised to the papal see in 1154. He died in 1159.

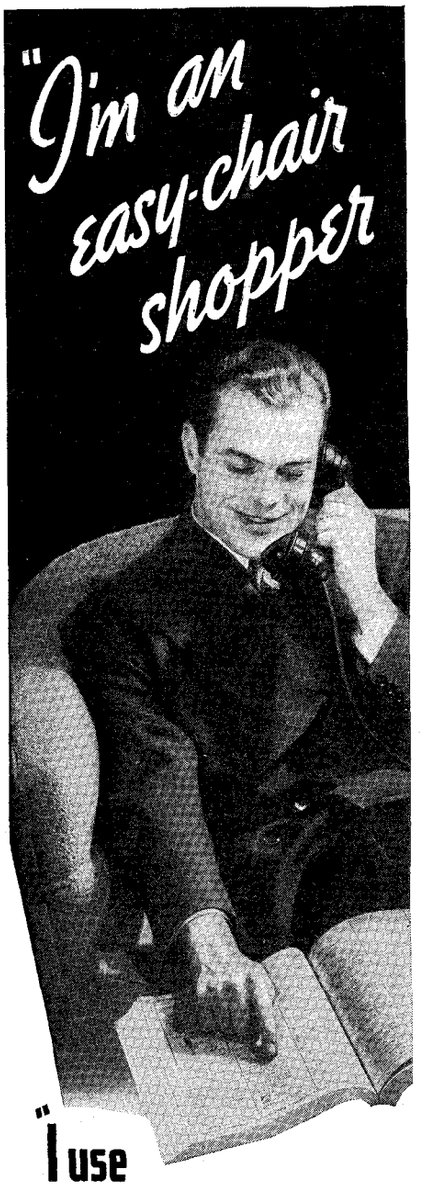
swastika.—"A. S. McC.," Battle Creek, Mich.—The origin and meaning of the *swastika* are clouded in antiquity. In fact, because of its occurrence in the early art of practically all parts of the world, there is a widely-shared belief that the design is merely decorative and possesses no particular meaning. More frequently in early art, the arms were turned to the right, that is, clockwise; but the counter-clockwise position was by no means uncommon.

Many meanings have been ascribed to the symbol, if it is indeed a symbol. We read in the dictionary: "It is thought to have represented a flame of sacred fire, the sun in its daily rotation, or a flash of lightning, and signified 'benediction,' 'health,' 'good omen.' It has been found depicted on tombs at Hissarlik, near ancient Troy, on Buddhistic inscriptions in India, in Etruscan necropolises, on coins of Gaza and Corinth, on rock-carvings in Sweden, and on Celtic stones in Britain. In America, in pre-Columbian times, it was in common use by the aborigines, and is thought to have indicated the four cardinal points of the compass and was used to symbolize the ruler of the winds and rains."

Presumably, *Meyers Lexikon* attaches no especial significance in the counter-clockwise position of the arms in the Nazi symbol; in fact, this German encyclopedia does not record a distinction between the two forms. It says that the *swastika* (*Hakenkreuz,* in German) has been employed since 1910 as a symbol by several anti-Semitic groups, and after the revolution of 1918 was further employed by a number of national organizations, one of them being the National Social Labor party (Nazi). The poet Guido von List (1848-1919), delver into German mythology, is said to have demonstrated that the *swastika* was a symbol of the Aryo-Germans.

30.—"J. C. I.," Dayton, O.—In the early days of telegraphy, the symbol *30* became current as designating the end of a dispatch or message. It was also adopted by printers to indicate the last sheet, or word, or line of copy. By extension, the term was employed to denote the end, the last of a person—the death. "The Final Call of 30" means "The Final Call of Death."

Westminster Abbey.—"M. D.," Palm Beach, Fla.—The first church is said to have been built by King Sebert of Essex in 616 on Thorney Isle in the Thames. It was not, however, until the reign of Edward the Confessor that the church achieved any importance, and in 1049-65, he built a church on the present site dedicated to St. Peter. Wherefore the official name of *Westminster Abbey* is the *Collegiate Church of St. Peter.* The church was reconstructed in the 13th century by Henry III, and the chapel of Henry VII was added in 1502-20.



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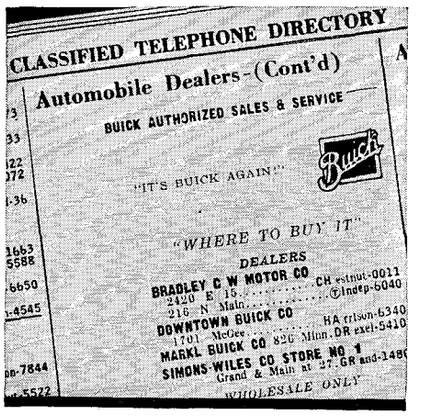

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KATHARINE CORNELL: SUPERB CANDIDA

Audience Bows to Star, Cast and Show at First Matinée

To those of Shaw's devotees who think "Candida" one of his most human documents, last week's revival of the piece by Guthrie McClintic and his talented wife, Katharine Cornell, with the latter in the title rôle, came as welcome refreshment.

Miss Cornell is superb, the supporting cast is superb, and, of course, Mr. Shaw is superb. The audience at the first Wednesday matinée in New York's Empire Theater, composed, as it was, mostly of theatrical people, felt very much like getting down on its collective knees to Miss Cornell at the final curtain.

The idea behind the revival was to give America's première actress a change of pace and an occasional rest from Maxwell Anderson's "The Wingless Victory," months old at the same theater. "Candida" is a happy solution, both for Miss Cornell and for her public—a sort of Wednesday afternoon and Saturday night "breather."

Cast—From the cast of "The Wingless Victory" she has brought Kent Smith to play the hollow-rumbling *Rev. Mr. James Morell*, unfortunately a trifle more the Yankee devil-beater of Malaya than the windbag parson of Shaw's Merrie England.

Robert Harris, late of London, plays the bewildered poet, and succeeds well enough in making *Eugene Marchbanks*, especially his incredible unawareness, convincing. One might wish a trifle wistfully that the versatile Burgess Meredith's engagement in "High Tor" did not prevent his doing *Marchbanks* for Miss Cornell, but the Englishman does much to alleviate that disappointment.

The rest of the company bear eloquent testimony to Cornell-McClintic astuteness in casting, in particular A. P. Kaye, as *Candida's* father, and Mildred Natwick, as *Prossy*, the secretary in love with the dominie.

But they were secondary. It was Katharine Cornell to whom all eyes turned every time she stepped onto the stage. It was Cornell to whom all the other actors played.

The story of "Candida" does not bear repeating. Suffice to say that Cornell, the same who acted the inspired "St. Joan" recently, plays her for what she is; completely the woman; amused and not at all mystified by the vagaries of her men.

Meanwhile in London, Ann Harding has opened in a "Candida" of her own. Having received the adulation of English critics, she is threatening to bring it over here to compete with Miss Cornell.

PATSY'S LICENSE: "Storm Over Patsy" Saved by Group of Delightful Actors

"Storm Over Patsy" is an object lesson in how a group of delightful actors can take an indifferent play, and make the customers like it. And the customers seemed to, altho the Theater Guild itself has nothing to be especially proud of in this, its fifth production of the season.

The play was written in German by Bruno Frank and adapted by Frank Bridie. The result is some well-pointed dialog, ill-pointed situations.

It would be cruel to dwell for long with the story; its essence follows:

An Irishwoman in a Scottish town can not pay for her dog license. The town impounds the dog (named *Patsy*). The result is that the *Provost* of the town loses the election for Parliament, and his wife.

Outacting—Sara Allgood, as *Mrs. Honoria Flanagan, Patsy's* owner, has a time of it outacting the rest of the cast. With a thick Irish brogue on her, she plays all

Dropping duke rôle . . . playing the heroine, Annabella brightens "Wings of the Morning"

over the stage; weeping, laughing and fighting as the Irish have done since neighbors can remember. Roger Livesy, as *Burdon*, the young journalist, takes a set of only fair lines and makes them witty. Ralph Morgan's little girl Claudia, besides being beautiful, is a good actress. Every bit of her goes into making *Victoria Thomson*, the *Provost's* wife, a genuine person. Ian McLean plays the blustering *Provost* like Mussolini himself.

Of the rest, special mention must go to Leo Carroll for his portrayal of the Judge in the last act. He sends the audience home laughing.

Not to forget an amazing creature named Colonel, playing the dog *Patsy*.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Winterset"; "Lost Horizon"; "That Girl From Paris"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth"; "When You're in Love."

AAA—"The Garden of Allah"; "Fire Over England"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

KILLARNEY'S SPELL: McCormack, Fonda and Annabella Save "Wings of the Morning"

"Wings of the Morning," a Twentieth Century-Fox production, has several distinct virtues. First among them is technicolor. Second, John McCormack sings "Killarney" as only he can (and only he should). Besides which, there are two or three very amusing scenes and some excellent acting by Henry Fonda and Annabella, a French actress new to America.

For all of which moviegoers may be thankful, since the plot, based on some stories by the late Donn Byrne, is on the thinnish side. A prolog shows an Irish nobleman marrying a beautiful Gipsy some sixty years ago. The nobleman is killed by a fall from a horse and his wife disappears with her people to bear his child. The story then leaps to the present Spanish war where the Gipsy, now *Lady Clontarf*, and her great-granddaughter, *Marie*, are being harried.

Derby—*Lady Clontarf* goes by caravan back to Ireland to train her horse, Wings of the Morning, for the Derby. *Marie* follows her, dressed in boy's clothes and posing as a young Spanish duke, meets *Kerry* (Henry Fonda).

After various horse-trading vicissitudes, wherein *Kerry* and *Marie* (still as the duke) spend an amusing night in a barn, *Lady Clontarf* is recognized. *Marie* then changes into girl's clothes and *Kerry* changes his dislike to love.

Harold Schuster's direction is perhaps a trifle spotty. The photography is beautiful, exploiting the matchless Irish landscape to the fullest advantage. Robert Kane has given "Wings of the Morning" a class A production.

Music

MAESTRO CAPTURED: Woman in Coup Signs Greek Conductor for Minneapolis

A little gray lady rode out of the West and carried Dimitri Mitropoulos back to Minneapolis.

Thereby twinkly-eyed Mrs. Carlyle Scott caused great consternation among Eastern concert managers. With much guile, they were attempting to sign Mitropoulos to contracts binding him to conduct the larger, tho little more distinguished, orchestras of the East. Mrs. Scott, Manager of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and beloved of its patrons, got Mitropoulos from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Serge Koussevitzky brought the Greek

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conductor from Athens at the beginning of last season. In his two weeks' stay, Mitropoulos became so popular with Bostonians that he was offered the job of head conductor upon Koussevitzky's projected retirement two years from now. Mitropoulos accepted the appointment and prepared to spend the intervening years guest conducting in the U. S. He also had his own Athens Orchestra of the Conservatory to run and an engagement in Monte Carlo to fill.

Guest Conductors—Then Eugene Ormandy resigned from his conductorship of the Minneapolis Symphony to take over the more lucrative post with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Casting about for some means of replacing Ormandy, the Board of Directors of the Orchestral Association of Minneapolis decided to inaugurate a series of guest conductors.

Mrs. Scott was confronted with the task and persuaded George Judd, Manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to share Mitropoulos. In Minneapolis, the Greek conductor conquered immediately.

His platform manner is completely individual. Thin, bald and ascetic-looking, Mitropoulos conducts without score or baton. He quivers with intensity at a difficult passage. When the music demands it, he is soothingly quiet. The men who work under him say his eyes are almost hypnotic as he conducts.

In both Boston and Minneapolis, Mitropoulos conducted a Respighi toccata for piano and orchestra. Playing the piano part himself, he caused *The Musical Courier's* Minneapolis correspondent to comment that "as soloist and conductor he makes an excellent one-man band."

Only forty-one years old and a bachelor, Mitropoulos is shy and dignified offstage. Even so, he won the love of cameramen and newspaper men by his willingness to fall in with publicity stunts.

Elated by Mitropoulos's immediate success, Mrs. Scott fairly flew back to Boston with a proposition. Would the Boston Orchestra be willing for Mitropoulos to be head conductor of the Minneapolis Orchestra for the next two years? The Boston Orchestra was delighted.

Contract—With Mitropoulos's name on a contract, Mrs. Scott announced that he would begin his first full season on January 1, 1938. Duties in Athens would prevent him from conducting for more than eighteen weeks. A similar arrangement will prevail in 1939. Then he will go to Boston.

Meanwhile, Minneapolis and St. Paul remembered that this was not Mrs. Scott's first coup. A former concert violinist, she is the wife of the head of the Department of Music at the University of Minnesota. In addition to her duties as Manager of the orchestra, Mrs. Scott is Manager of the University Artists Course.

In 1930, Henry Vanbrugghen, then conductor of the Minneapolis Orchestra, collapsed on the stage while preparing for the first concert of the season. Mrs. Scott promptly produced Eugene Ormandy. He has since proved the quality she was so early to recognize.

Now, with Dimitri Mitropoulos safe, Mrs. Scott may have another sensation in store. To assist Mitropoulos, she has signed Daniele Amfitheatroff, Russian composer-conductor now living in Italy. Amfitheatroff, a pupil of Respighi, will introduce many of his own compositions to the United States while on tour with the Minneapolis Symphony next season.

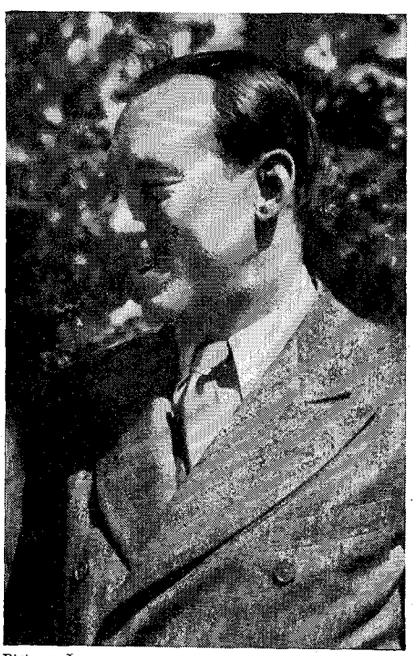
Myrna Loy's perfumes are light for day, heavy for night and tweedy for sports

Psychology

SMELLIN' THROUGH: Just Follow Your Nose from Paducah to Paree

You've got to have a good nose to get around to-day. America, say perfumers and other connoisseurs of the higher life, has become smell-minded.

The housewife now buys a jar of food whose wrapper is printed with ink perfumed to harmonize with the contents. For Rover she gets a rubber bone impregnated with chocolate scent. Her husband's raincoat is pleasantly deodorized.



Pictures, Inc.

Webb Miller identifies cities by their scents: Paris, sole meuniere and women's hair

Their car's artificial leather is perfumed to smell like real leather, or if the covering is real, it is scented not to reek too pungently. The paint they get to touch up the garage has a whiff of wintergreen.

If they are ill, they may find the town hospital has obliterated the medicinal odors with a deodorant suggestive of spring blooms. Soon, too, their home may be perfumed just as it is heated, colored and cooled, and the movie may provide fragrances for each mood of the screen.

Scent Boom—There is, in consequence, something of a boom on in the manufacture of scent, and the industrial perfumers take a large share of the credit for it. The focal point of their campaign has been to break down the American male's traditional aversion to perfume. This, they assert, is gradually taking place, so that to-day scent, like the wrist watch of pre-War days, no longer is regarded as sissified.

The depression period conspired to help this transition. It forced perfumers to bring out good scents in small bottles for the impoverished trade, and the immediate result was a wider audience. To-day, many people are wearing perfume who never touched it before the depression. The luxury trade estimates a 20 per cent. gain in business for 1937.

This change in small psychology is expected to sharpen olfactory senses. To-day, many a delicate fragrance is meaningless to underdeveloped noses. Blind Helen Keller finds there are as many smells as there are philosophies.

"I usually know what part of the city I am in by the odors," she says. "I never had time to classify my olfactory impressions of different cities, but it would be an interesting subject. I find it quite natural to think of places by their characteristic smells. Fifth Avenue, for example, has a different odor from any other part of New York. Indeed, it is a very odorous street. It may sound like a joke to say it has an aristocratic smell. As I tread its pavements, I recognize expensive perfumes, powders, creams, choice flowers."

City Odors—Talcott Powell, the writer, has a keen nose for city smells. Pittsburgh's outstanding odor, he says, is soft coal; Philadelphia's, faint odor of decay; Indianapolis', stale water and raw meat, and San Francisco's, Oriental fog. Other expert sniffers find New York's is one of granite or politics; San Antonio's, tang of alkali-dust; Hollywood's, celluloid; Boston's, fresh cod; Chicago's, hanging beeves.

Unlike many another city, Washington has no characteristic odor. Even the famous Japanese cherry-trees in full bloom have no smell whatever.

One of Washington's pleasantest smells: The aroma from the White House kitchen just before dinner. One of its unpleasantest: The smoke from secrets being burned at the Department of State. Most amazing: That of aqua regia in the Treasury laboratory of the Mint—a violently strong acid kept in heavy glass flasks; the only known liquid which will dissolve gold.

The White House, with its cut flowers and its ever-present servants constantly scrubbing and dusting and scouring, usually presents to the visitor the faint but unmistakable aroma of the well-ordered home, whether it be a mansion or cottage. The Executive Wing usually smells faintly of disinfectant.

Foreign cities, as every American tourist

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FAMOUS YEAR 'ROUND RESORT SINCE 1860

knows, have their alluring, identifiable scents. Webb Miller, United Press European General News Manager, recently delivered a lecture upon them in New York. Here are some of his discoveries:

London, wet soot, dank, old cold stones; Paris, *sole meunière* and women's hair; Amsterdam, sea brine and stagnant water; Moscow, sweat-soaked felt boots and sourish, fetid bodies; Florence, dead incense and ancient dust; Munich, stale beer, boiled pig's feet and sauerkraut; Cairo, musk, saffron, dry dust; Berlin, the only great Capital without a characteristic smell, probably because it is new, clean and spacious; Rio de Janeiro, bitter black coffee; Adowa (Ethiopia), plain stink.

Back in New York from Ethiopia, Miller related how he had pulled a freshly laundered handkerchief from his pocket while strolling along Fifth Avenue, was awed when putting it to his nose to find some of the stench of Ethiopia clinging to it.

The odors of flowers, foods and chemicals can be identified accurately, but science still is unable to determine how many odors can be perceived. In fact, odors are not even organized into a satisfactory system comparable to the nuances of tone and color. One classification gives six elementary types: (1) spicy, (2) flowers, (3) fruity, (4) resinous, (5) foul, and (6) scorched.

The organ which is responsible for this delicate sensation lies in the upper part of the nasal cavity. It is about the size of a dime, and its appearance is simply that of a brownish-yellow patch. Odorous objects give off gases and these are breathed or sniffed into the nasal cavity, where they come into contact with the olfactory nerve.

Taste and Smell—Within the brain, taste and smell are essentially the same. The nerve-centers of the olfactory bulb are similar to the taste-buds on the tongue. It is almost impossible to taste something differently than one smells something. Besides the conceptual identity of the sensations when they reach the brain, the nose and the mouth have a direct physical connection, so one can often literally taste what one smells and *vice versa.*

The tiny organ has queer ways of affecting personality.

Dr. Louis Montgomery, New York psychologist, tells of a lawyer, fifty-two, who fell in love with his nineteen-year-old illiterate Swedish maid, wanted to divorce his wife, leave his two grown children, and marry her.

"Neither the lawyer nor I knew what was behind this strange infatuation," he says. "It took us six months to discover that the Swedish maid wore a perfume with which the lawyer was really in love. He quickly realized that it was the same perfume which a devoted nurse, who attended him as a boy, had worn. The affair stopped dead."

Blondes Susceptible—Most people are as responsive to perfume as to music, often more so. Blondes are apparently more susceptible than brunettes, for they use more perfume. Incidentally, perfumers say, blondes should wear light perfume, brunettes, heavy Oriental perfumes.

Blonde Jean Harlow's perfume is identifiable at forty yards. Myrna Loy uses lights for day, heavies for night, tweedy outdoor scents for sports.

To-day, perfumes are definitely in flower odors. Gardenia, for instance, was the rage last year, has no particular successor. In the South (where gardenia is Cape Jasmine), heavy perfumes are more popular, but New York buys and uses most American perfume. Lavender is popular with men—fresh flower base light enough to be used recklessly with safety.

To make sure the perfume you buy suits your personality, rub a couple of drops on the back of a freshly washed hand. Forget it for a quarter of an hour or so, then take a few whiffs. Try it again a little later. If it gives you a persistent thrill you can be certain it has "clicked" with your personality.

Education

NAIVE NECKERS: Stanford Students Split on Necking-Petting Questionnaire

Do you neck? Do you kiss on first dates?

These and other eyebrow-elevating posers were contained in a questionnaire which rippled the calm of Stanford University dormitories with giggles and guffaws one day a fortnight ago.

Sent out by the *Stanford Daily,* the questionnaire sought to settle a point which has puzzled many an American whose ideas of campus life are derived chiefly from the movies: How "fast" are college students to-day?

Back to Editor Irvin Jorgensen's desk came replies from eighty-eight women and 155 men. Compiled, they showed the following index to flaming youth on the modern campus:

Women

Do you neck? Yes, 81. No, 7.*

Do you kiss on first dates? Yes, 43. No, 46.

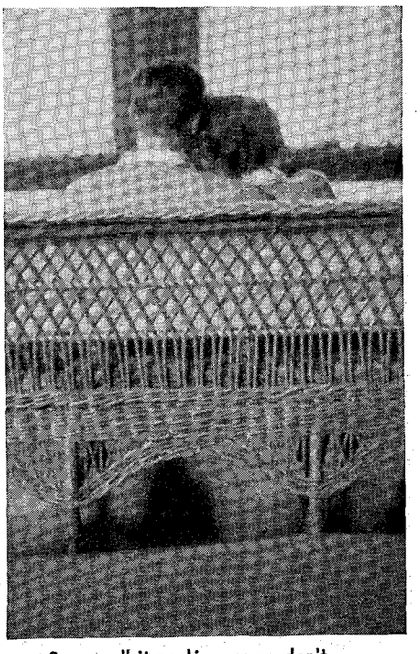
Do you pet? Yes, 24. No, 63.*

Do you think Stanford men faster than other men? Yes, 13. No, 71. Undecided, 4.

Men

Do you think less of girls who let you

*According to Stanfordites, there is a distinction.



Some call it necking, some don't . . . but here's something at Stanford

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kiss them on your first date? Yes, 66. No, 62. Undecided, 4.

Do most Stanford women kiss on first dates? Yes, 42. No, 72. Undecided, 32.

Do most Stanford women permit petting? Yes, 88. No, 43. Undecided, 22.

Do you want your wife to have had no previous sex experience? Yes, 82. Immaterial, 65.

Do you expect to refrain from premarital sex relationships yourself? Yes, 44. No, 101.

Are Stanford women faster than other college women? Yes, 14. No, 98. Undecided, 43.

Are Stanford women faster than women in general? Yes, 14. No, 111. Undecided, 24.

No Faster—"Stanford women are not faster than other college women," commented one man in his questionnaire. "Since there are more male students here [three to one], the women do not have to be fast in order to date." Another attributed Stanford women's reserve to "their youthfulness," added: "They are probably the most naïve group on any campus."

Nearly all the eighty-eight women qualified their statements upon necking with such phrases as "only with some one I really care for," "only with the right person." One freshman woman wrote: "If I truly like and admire a boy, I see no reason for not kissing him. But why call it 'necking'? It sounds like a set of morning exercises."

When it came to petting, the opinions were not so unanimous. Of the 57 per cent. of the men who replied that Stanford women petted, several said that any woman would, eventually. On the women's side, they confessed that petting was rare and then only with "the men we love." One sorority girl wrote emphatically: "Not if I can help it with these terrific Stanford goons!"*

Male opinion of the girl who kisses on her first date was about equally divided between those who liked her better for it and those who thought less of her.

"I don't think as much of her as one who lets you kiss her on the third date," declared one conservative.

According to another group of men students, on the contrary, the girl who kisses on first dates was "tops," "a good sport," and "plenty good." One wrote: "As long as she doesn't show signs of too much ability, I think she's O.K." Another guaranteed to recommend her to his friends.

Convinced—Stanford women did not care to kiss on first dates. "Generally no," said one Miss. "If I feel like kissing a fellow good night on a first date, I will; if I don't (and I usually don't), I won't."

"For orchids and champagne . . . well, I could be convinced," was one reply.

The forty-six women who stated that they never kissed their escorts on first dates voted it was "bad tactics." "It's psychologically a poor idea and perhaps misleading," was the report of a serious-minded young woman.

Some men felt that the husband needed premarital experience in order to make the marriage more harmonious; others insisted that both husband and wife should withhold sex relationships until after marriage.

"Yes," answered one freshman, "I believe in the double standard, but I feel like a hypocrite. It's a selfish point of view."

Freshmen were naturally inclined to be more idealistic concerning self-denial than upper-classmen. Almost half of them stated that they expected to save sex experience for marriage, but only 24 per cent. of the older men favored complete abstinence.

Indicating national implications, replies were from students hailing from twenty-four States, Alaska, England and Japan. Of the women who answered, fifty-one were Californians—half from the southern part of the State; and there were replies from 120 California men. All of the University fraternities, sororities, eating-clubs and dormitories were represented.

*A "sad apple," "rough" or campus pariah of either sex. Most famous U. S. goon is horrific *Alice* in the *Popeye* cartoon.

Acme

Behr and Baker of Yale . . . advocates of Rooseveltian Royalty

FRANKLIN R. I.: "Roosevelt for King Club" Designs Royal Status for President's Family

A diverting sport among upper-rung colleges in dull days following midyear exams is organized spoofing.

In 1930, Cornell's *Daily Sun* planned a memorial dinner for its comic character, *Hugo N. Frye* (You-Go-And-Fry), "founder of the New York State Republican Party," which hoaxed several members of the Old Guard.

Last winter, Princeton men started the famed Veterans of Future Wars to burlesque the bonus-lobbying drive in Washington. On top of this, Reed College (Portland, Oregon) concocted in the fall a campaign to make Mrs. Wallis Simpson Queen of England.

Last week, Yale undergraduates seized upon the Supreme Court issue to carry this pranking to ludicrous heights, launched a "Roosevelt for King Club."

Why not? Doesn't he hold high office by will of a majority of the people? Won't he soon rule over the judicial as well as the executive and legislative branches of the Government? Besides, hasn't he already provided a succession of heirs unto the third generation?

Moreover, the Yale royalists argued, the American people are ready for a kingdom. For instance, they have long exhibited "a

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burning desire for a less simple form of Government through undying devotion to the pomp and pageantry of minor officialdom." To this they have added, said the Elis, an intense interest in the affairs of the British monarchy, which only went to show that they had "an inhibited longing for royal blue."

On the basis of these premises, they resolved that:

"Franklin Delano Roosevelt become King in name as well as in fact, duly coronated with the beloved Queen Eleanor at appropriate ceremonies in the National Capital, which city will at the same time be renamed Roosevelt, D. C.

"That His Majesty's title be: Franklin I by the grace of God and the Democratic Organization, King of the United States, the Virgin Islands, the Panama Canal Zone and the American Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Budget and Emperor of Wake Island."

Proclamation signers thereupon suggested that inasmuch as the "old Supreme Court is already scheduled to be stuffed" it be placed in the Smithsonian Institution "for the edification and amazement of posterity." Thus, the new court building, it was said, would be left as a fitting palace for the "Royal Family."

As a final note, they would abolish the press and "inform the people only of what is good for them through fireside chats by His Imperial Majesty."

Members—Organizer of this arch bit of hocus-pocus was Senior Peter H. Behr, son of Karl H. Behr, of Dillon, Read & Co., who got the original idea from Alumnus Robert C. Patton, '29, at a bull session on the New Haven campus in late February.

Present at this get-together were several other wealthy Yale men, including Richard W. Baker '38, Groton classmate of F. D. R.'s youngest son, John.

Behr and Baker were promptly joined by Donald F. Keefe, '38, of New London, Connecticut, and E. Farrar Bateson, '38, of New York. A week later, in Mory's eating place, they drew up the proclamation, which *The Yale News* the next day spread over its front pages.

The idea swept out over the campus to the highroads of the nation, hit the front pages of metropolitan papers. Urged to form branch chapters, eight major Eastern colleges fell into line, pledged allegiance to King Franklin and Queen Eleanor, also "James, Prince of Alaska, Heir Apparent Prince Franklin and his fiancée, Crown Princess Ethel du Pont."

Growth—At the Garland School for Homemaking in Brookline, Massachusetts, and the King-Smith Studio School for Girls in Washington, feminine royalists organized the first "Eleanor For Queen Clubs." Their slogan: "Babies, just Babies." Smith, Vassar and Wellesley were rumored to have joined the regal band-wagon.

Meantime the Monarchist Party of Boston, in the Duchy of Massachusetts, named George Santayana, one-time professor of philosophy at Harvard, as its Pretender. Meeting at the lodgings of David Page, Esquire, at No. 15 Lindall Place, twenty-five members of this sinister organization voted to notify Professor Santayana, now sojourning, like ex-King Alfonso and ex-King Amanullah, in Italy.

Mr. Page, who wishes it understood that this move has nothing in common with the tomfoolery of schoolboys, doubts that America will turn to monarchy this year, sees hope for "about 2036."

Religion

AIMEE'S RIVAL: British Woman Preacher Sails for Home After Visit to America

Rivals for the title of world's foremost woman preacher are America's Aimee Semple McPherson, forty - five - year - old promulgator of the Four-Square Gospel, and England's Maude Royden, sixty-one-year-old Anglican Church liberal.

Altho a three-times visitor to the United States, Miss Royden's name has been as unknown to most Americans as Sister Aimee's is common abroad.

Last week, the Englishwoman was on the high seas homeward bound after a brief trip which had helped enormously to spread her fame here, increase her claim to premier preaching honors.

Totally unlike her American rival, Miss Royden is the daughter of a Liverpool Lord Mayor, was reared in conservative luxury, sent to finishing schools and Oxford University. A cripple, she is gray, bespectacled, spinsterish and kindly.

She has a divinity degree, champions the feminist cause, attacks archaic church views on social questions, writes books, has an international reputation for settlement and peace work. In London, she has her own church and settlement for free expression of her views; often comes under the fire of conservative clergy.

Contrast—In January, Miss Royden arrived in New York, and Londoners would have been amused by the contrast of her visit with that of Sister Aimee there in 1928. The former Canadian farm girl, thrice-wed court figure and head-line crasher, rode into London on the crest of a ballyhoo show that fizzled out as a hostile press and clergy booed and hissed.

A visiting fellow American preacher warned she was a "Twentieth Century Jezebel." Nevertheless, 12,000 curious Britons packed the Albert Hall to hear her. As she stayed on, audiences fell off.

Quietly received, stopping at homes of friends here, Miss Royden crossed this time to boost the Emergency Peace Campaign. Avoiding ballyhoo, she hit the head-lines modestly, was dined and banqueted in thirty-seven cities, discussed war and peace in her well-modulated, persuasive voice over many a radio station. Large numbers of Americans didn't even know she was here.

Boarding a small English steamer a fortnight ago, Miss Royden was seen off by a handful of friends. Said she: "American churches have a greater hold on the people than those in Britain." In 1928, homeward bound, Sister Aimee had found "no difference in the hearts of the people" of the Old and New Worlds. "The English are more emotional than Americans at evangelistic meetings," she commented.

Converts—Women and girls had trooped to meet her at Liverpool Station. Rough country folk cheered her. Sister Aimee, who had been built up as "Everybody's Sister," grinned and exclaimed: "Gee, this is fine! I certainly like London." Upon reaching U. S. shores, the glamourous Los Angeles evangelist claimed to have made thousands of converts in England, established 100 Four-Square Gospel churches.

Miss Royden was surprized to find a couple of newspaper reporters on hand at her leave-taking. Tremendous was her impression of America on this trip, she said. Tho she had met few of them, she admitted she had been able to discern very little influence of women preachers in the country. She expressed hopes that schools and colleges would turn out many of them in the future.

Asked what she thought of Sister Aimee, Miss Royden confessed ignorance, explained that a splitting headache while in Los Angeles spoiled a chance of making her acquaintance.

As the Englishwoman set sail, Mrs. McPherson in Los Angeles refused to comment upon her rival. With a smile, she said: "It would be, in my opinion, bad taste."

Acme

Maude Royden came, and spoke quietly . . .

Acme

Sister Aimee went, and yelled noisily

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Off-Side

Musician—Boston University's band is still regarded as incomplete because it can't locate a euphonium player. For two years, the organization has sought one in vain. "We can't even find students who can spell it, let alone play it," grumbled Bandmaster MacMillan.

* * *

Lawyers—Nettled because only one on the day's calendar of thirty cases was ready, Supreme Court Justice Clyde W. Knapp of Rochester, New York, likened lawyers to women of Biblical times. He referred to "those who went forth with no oil in their lamps."

* * *

Kisses—Influenza-bearing or not, Hollywood is making no provision to cut down on kissing during the coming year's production of film. Full-fledged passion osculation will run to eighty-five feet, indifferent pecks to five. Individual footage of special length, however, will be granted to filmdom's ace kissers: Dietrich, Garbo, Gable, Taylor and Harlow.

* * *

Assassination—Overworked flood doctors at Memphis, Tennessee, were given a humorous moment when a 300-pound Arkansas Negress invaded the emergency hospital for vaccination and inoculation. "They told me to come here," she said, rolling up both sleeves. "I want to be assassinated."

* * *

Monogram—To make bandit capture a more personal matter, Santa Barbara, California, police will shoot monogrammed bullets in the future. Every gun has a different marking, shoots bullets with different cartridges. Any bullet recovered from bodies can now be identified, due credit given.

* * *

Grapefruit—Champagne from grapefruit is a new product of citrus-wineries in Florida, which have a capacity of some 20,000 gallons a year. Grapefruit champagne bubbles and fizzes and pops bottle corks just like the real stuff, but has a more acid taste.

* * *

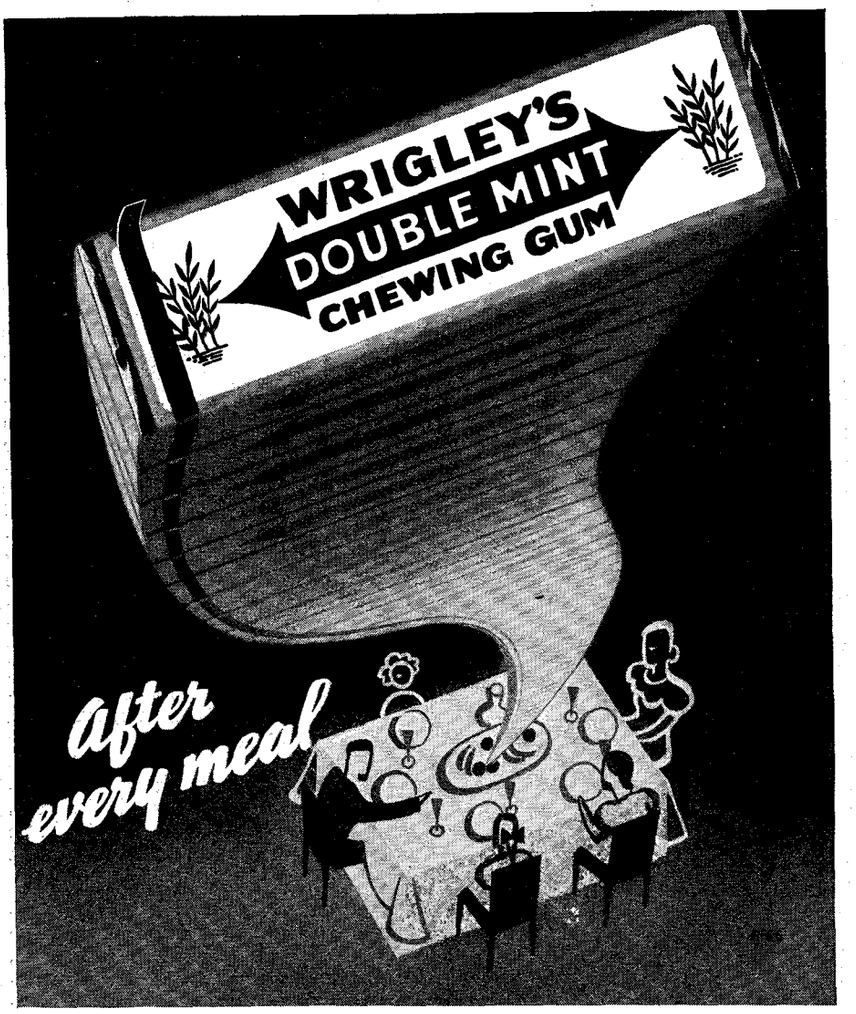
Inspection—When a motorist drives up to an automobile inspection station, as he is now required to do in a dozen States, the odds are almost exactly even that his car will be rated unsafe. Bad brakes, out-of-focus headlights and misalined wheels are the most common defects.

* * *

Cold—Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Swanson of Alaska have left Los Angeles because it was too cold. "We caught the first colds we have had in years in sunny southern California," they said as they returned to Ben-My-Chree, 270 miles beyond Skagway, Alaska, where the temperature is often 60 degrees below zero.

* * *

Love-Birds—Directors of the British Dyestuffs Corporation of Manchester, England, have voted to provide love-birds for the fifty typists in their offices. They explained that the monotonous clatter of typewriters was hard on the nerves of the girls and they needed some counterpoint.



Criminologist Solves Case of Attempted Extortion by a Piece of String

$2,000.00 had been demanded of the victim and not paid. Death was threatened. A dynamite bomb was found next to the victim's house. Scientific laboratory examination of the twine around the bomb led the criminologist to report that the string came from a farm on which would be found a sorrel horse, black and white rabbits, a cream colored Jersey cow, Rhode Island red chickens, pine trees, several varieties of plants, and a fast-moving stream. Thus from a piece of string the two would-be extortionists were brought to justice. Yet this is but one of the amazing true stories of how science proves that crime doesn't pay in

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Sports

COLLEGE SWIMMERS READY FOR TESTS

University of Minnesota Pool Scene of Intercollegiate Races

For an ambitious athlete who wants to break records, no sport offers a more promising future than swimming.

Because of the difference in pool lengths throughout the country, and the large assortment of distances which can be navigated free-style, back-stroke or breast-stroke, not many first-class meets fail to produce at least one new record: Either world, national, collegiate, scholastic, Conference, State meet or pool.

Next Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, in the University of Minnesota's handsome, two-year-old Athletic Building fronting the open end of her power-house football team's Memorial Stadium at Minneapolis, more than 100 of the nation's best college swimmers will try to better the record-setting of last year's National Collegiate championships: six intercollegiate and National Collegiate, two world, one American records.

In previous years, the college championships have always been swum on an individual, rather than a team basis. This year, for the first time, the meet will be conducted as a team championship, and a trophy awarded.

Michigan—Chances are the first name engraved on the new cup will be that of the University of Michigan, which, last spring, in the magnificent Payne Whitney Memorial Gymnasium pool of Yale University, won four of eleven first places from thirty-one competing colleges. Most spectacular record-setter on the Michigan squad is curly-haired Jack Kasley, holder of the world's 200-yard breast-stroke championship (2 minutes, 22 5/10 seconds), national intercollegiate and Western Conference champion, and a member of the 1936 Olympic team.

The most powerful challenger to Michigan in the fourteenth national collegiates is Yale, which by last week had stretched its dual-meet record of consecutive victories to 162, the longest winning streak in swimming history.

In 1918 Bob Kiphuth, general director of athletics at Yale, decided to try his hand at coaching the swimming team, brought the squad through his first season without a defeat.

Last week Harvard outswam Yale 39-36 and brought to an end a string of Eli victories unbroken since 1924.

Like football, a steadily winning swimming team attracts prep school specialists in that sport. Dominating the field for thirteen years because it was one of the first schools to promote swimming, and later because of its reputation, Yale has lately been losing some ground to other colleges. Harvard, for one. And Michigan.

Collector—In the course of building up Yale's winning streak, Coach Kiphuth also acquired for himself a reputation of not knowing how to "swim a stroke." It's a lie. Kiphuth can swim. He has photographs to prove it.

Besides swimmers, Kiphuth collects fine books. In Germany last summer, when he went over as coach of the United States Olympic team, he picked up a few rare editions in Berlin bookstores. Mainly books on physical education, care of the body and so forth.

The best man on his Yale squad this year is a junior, John Macionis, 1936 Olympic free-style entrant. To help the Elis rout Springfield College, 57 to 18, for their 162nd consecutive victory, Macionis established a new American record of 4 minutes, 47 5/10 seconds for the 400-meter distance. The race was 440 yards, but he was clocked at the 400-meter point just to see if he'd broken the record.

Dominating the list of Midwestern entrants in the National Collegiate this year are members of the Western Conference, whose 1937 championships were held at Bloomington, Indiana, last week-end.

Best-known representative of the Iowa team is Ray Walters, who won the 50-yard free-style last year. Northwestern has another defending champion in Danny Zehr, 150-yard back-stroke expert.

Medica Absent—To Eastern and Midwestern title-seekers, the absence of Jack Medica opens up three events for the first time in as many years. Last spring Medica was the University of Washington's sole competitor. The University of Washington placed third in team standing.

In 1934 at Ohio State University, in 1935 at Harvard, and last year at Yale, Medica won first place in the 220-yard, 440-yard, and 1,500-meter free-style races. The closest approach to that achievement was in 1930, when Victor Schwartz, of Northwestern, won the 50-, the 100- and the 220-yard swims.

After his graduation from Washington last spring, Medica went to Germany with the Olympic team. He set a world, an Olympic, and an American record of 4 minutes, 44 5/10 seconds in winning the 400-meter free-style, finished second to Norboru Terada, of Japan, in the 1,500-meter, and swam anchor man on the 800-meter relay team which trailed Japan.

Swimmers churning the water in quest of one record have been known to crack three or four along the way for shorter distances. In 1930, when Helene Madison was at the peak of her career, she created six American records in one swim of 500 yards.

Three Sets—One factor which makes the keeping of records in swimming far more complicated than in any other sport is the fact that three sets of "fastest times" are registered, in intercollegiate circles.

The 20-yard course records are those made in pools under 75 feet but not less than 60 feet in length. The others are "short course" (pools between 75 and 150 feet long) and "long course" (pools 150 feet long and over) records. In all three groups, records are recognized in the 50- (60- for 20-yard course), 100-, 220-, and 440-yard free-style, 200-yard breast-stroke, 150-yard back-stroke, 300-yard medley, 400-yard relay and 300-yard medley relay.

In other words, where there are only six racing events in the Olympic games (100-, 400- and 1,500-meter free-style, 100-meter back-stroke, 200-meter breast-stroke and 800-meter free-style relay), there are

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twenty-seven recognized by the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

The larger exhibition pool at Minnesota to be used for this year's National Collegiate is 75 feet long, and records made will therefore be classed under the "short course" heading.

PRESEASON PAINS: Baseball Players Off to Southern Training Camps for Warming-Up

To condition veteran players, get a line on rookie prospects, and build up public interest in the coming season, major league baseball owners annually splurge better than $500,000 on a six-week spring training campaign in the South.

By the middle of last week, all sixteen clubs of the American and National Leagues were busy throwing, batting, chasing, and catching baseballs on practise fields in Florida, California, Texas, Louisiana, Mexico, and Cuba in first workouts for the regular season opening April 20.

Along with eight other clubs of the big time, the world's champion New York Yankees are in Florida, at St. Petersburg. Last week, while Lou Gehrig, "iron man" first baseman; Joe DiMaggio, prize rookie of 1936; and Charley Ruffing, pitcher, continued to hold out for higher salaries, the Yankees happily announced the return to form of a recently converted hold-out, Vernon (Lefty) Gomez.

Salary Cut—In 1934 Gomez won twenty-six games for the Yankees, and lost five. He led the American League in strike-outs and effectiveness. In 1935 and 1936, he slipped badly, and took a $6,500 cut in salary for the coming year.

"I'm faster to-day than I was all last year, or the year before," the former American League sensation told reporters after his first work-out last week.

"My arm feels fine. I have an idea I'm going to have a good year."

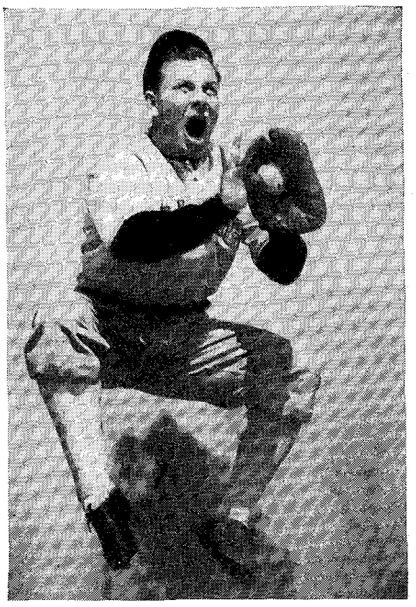
Making no predictions about his own performance this year, Carl Owen Hubbell, famed "screw-ball" pitcher of the New York Giants, the Yankees's opponents in the 1936 World Series, said he would not experiment with any new deliveries, but would stick by the famous repertoire which made him baseball's No. 1 hurler last season.

The Giants are training in Havana, Cuba. They lost their first three practise games to a team ominously called the Cuban Armed Forces.

Of the nine clubs training in Florida, five are from the National League. The Boston Bees are in St. Petersburg, the St. Louis Cardinals at Daytona Beach, the Cincinnati Reds at Tampa, the Brooklyn Dodgers at Clearwater, and the Philadelphia Phillies at Winter Haven.

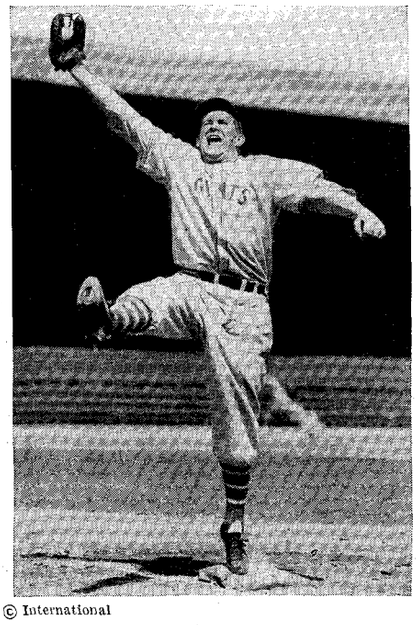
Besides the Yankees, American League teams in Florida are: the Washington Senators, at Orlando; the Boston Red Sox, at Sarasota; and the Detroit Tigers, at Lakeland.

Island Camp—The wealthy Chicago Cubs have probably the most luxurious set-up of any club in either league. As they have done for the past few years, the Cubs are in a hotel at Avalon, and practising on a green plateau high above sea-level on Catalina Island, off the coast of California. The Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League are at San Bernardino, the Chicago White Sox, of the American, at Pasadena, California.



Wide World

Spring Camp: A froggy Jim Dykes . . .



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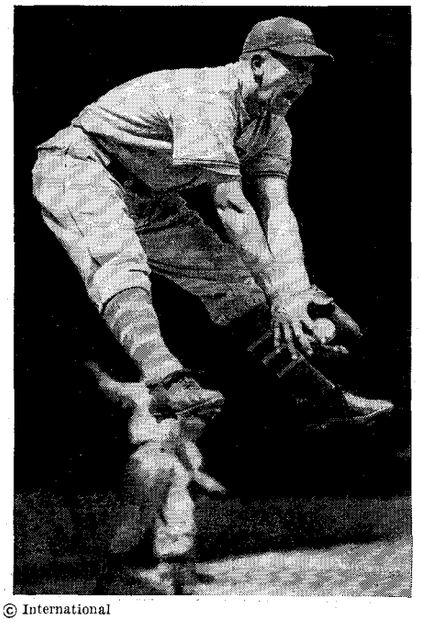
for Giants, Les Powers reaches a high one . . .



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and Dick Bartell ready for a sit-down

The Cleveland Indians of the American League, who have the greatest pitching "find" of years in Bob Feller, eighteen-year-old schoolboy they acquired last summer, are working out in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Rogers Hornsby has taken his St. Louis (American) Browns to San Antonio, Texas. Connie Mack's charges, the Philadelphia (American) Athletics, are getting limbered up in Mexico City, Mexico.

The first baseball manager to see the value of spring training was Cap Anson, first baseman of the old Chicago Nationals. Anson took his squad, including the late evangelist, Billy Sunday, to Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1886.

It took the other clubs ten years to follow suit. Shortly after the famous Baltimore Orioles spent the spring of 1896 in Macon, Georgia, the other teams started making reservations in the South. To-day the preseason training period is essential.

Change—"Hotels of a type which years ago would have thrown a ball club out on its collective ear now fight for baseball patronage," writes Dan Daniel, well-known sports-writer, in the New York *World-Telegram*.

"Matrons who in the long ago would have pulled their daughters in haste from the proximity of a professional baseball team now are quite willing to sit in for a hand of bridge with athletes who are almost perfume-sweet in their social amenities, adroit in the dance, skilled in the finer points of contract, and social registry in assiduous attention to the daughters.

"The old-fashioned ball player with pancake felt hat—or cap—high black shoes with white socks, diamond horseshoe stick-pin, and that ubiquitous chaw of plug, has been superseded by the campus wow in ice-cream pants and buckskin Oxfords."

SPORTS SHOTS

Climbing up-hill for the second and deciding heat of the Arlberg-Kandahar slalom ski race at Muerren, Switzerland, last week, Rudi Cranz, eighteen-year-old German champion, noticed that the skis of his French opponent, Emile Allais, twenty-six, the world's champion, needed waxing. Learning that Allais, whom he had beaten in the first heat, had run out of paraffin, Cranz lent him his own. His skis speeded up by the wax almost four seconds, the Frenchman lowered the German's best time in the second heat, and won the Arlberg-Kandahar Trophy.

* * *

Before the start of the second race at Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Florida, last week, Hirsch Jacobs, well-known New York trainer, put in a $2,500 claim for Character, a seven-year-old gelding once owned by his wife. In the first quarter-mile, Character, a veteran sprinter, broke a leg and had to be destroyed. Under the rules of racing, Jacobs not only had to pay the $2,500 for the horse, but also had to pay to have its body removed from the track.

* * *

Amateur fishermen in the United States spent approximately $500,000,000 for their sport last year, according to an announcement by Frank T. Bell, Commissioner of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce.

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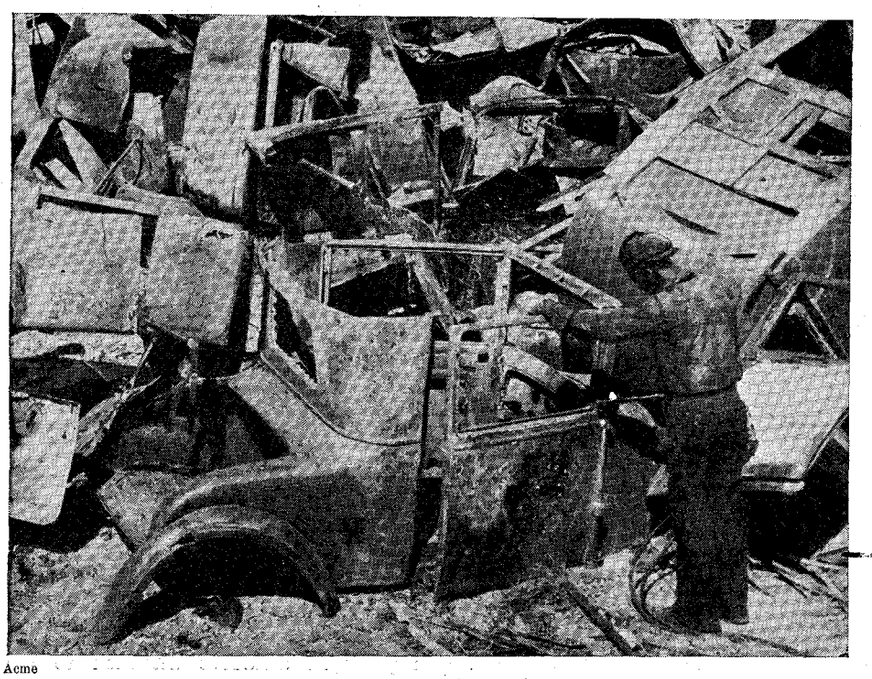
USED CARS CROWD U. S. HIGHWAYS

Manufacturers to Aid Dealers in Complex Resale Problems

As she stands, she can "do sixty." She's still bright and shiny with the original paint job. The brakes? Why she'll stop on a dime. The "rubber" tires, to the un-

800 more used-car sales managers. These expanded staffs last June pushed the sale of used "Chevvies" forward 102 per cent. over the similar month of '35.



Acme

Used-car graveyard . . . dealers received bounties for demolishing their stock

initiated, may be a bit ragged, but she won't burn oil. She's tight (the nuts and bolts are not loosened). Her owner is proud of the "old buggy" as he trundles her down to the agency to horse-trade for a new car.

To the automobile dealer individually, this old buggy is a headache. Collectively, "she" afflicts him and 41,300 fellow distributers with a chronic business ailment that makes the automobile producer's sit-down ill look like a scratched finger. The used car eats up his profits, drinks up his liquid capital. He would like to concentrate on selling smart, new cars (for which he already has paid cash). But he finds he is of necessity more in the used-car business than in new cars, must sell almost two old "crates" for every new automobile.

Last week, the Pontiac division of General Motors gave the harried dealer a hand, announced it had taken space in 4,000 daily and weekly newspapers to push the most determined used-car sales campaign in its history.

Dignity—Other manufacturers, notably Chevrolet and Ford, have learned that new cars can not be sold until the old have been disposed of. Chevrolet last year sought to take used-car selling out of the "back-door business" class, to teach dealers to dignify the "old buggy," and to keep their used-car stocks moving. It considered the drive smart business, because Chevrolet dealers retail about one-third of all used cars. W. E. Holler, "Chevvy's" general sales manager, persuaded dealers to employ 10,000 more used-car salesmen, 2,-

Core of the used-car problem is the fact that producers make too good a car. It is hard to wear out (37,000 ancient cars—vintage of 1923—still limp along American highways; one out of every eight cars in use last year was a 1929 model). While more than 18,500,000 cars are now in use, few customers for new cars buy without trade-ins. A corollary problem is that hard-driven dealers may give away their shirts in overtrading and overallowing on these used cars.

For example: The dealer's margin is 25 to 30 per cent. of the new automobile's list price. From this he must meet overhead, commissions. By overallowing on a used car, he reduces his margin. To complicate matters, the automobile he has taken on a trade-in basis is not always sold "clean." In getting rid of it, he usually must take another used car in trade. Indeed, in four out of every five old car deals, he gives allowances on such a car. Hence the circumstance that he must sell almost two used cars (actually 1.7 cars), to sell one new one.

With spring almost upon them, dealers last week brightened up their lots, carted out their finest reconditioned models, braced themselves for the seasonal used-car bartering. A decade and a half of used-car troubles have taught the used-car dealer what to expect.

Sales—First of all, he expects this year to sell a collective 6,300,000 used cars. (Figuring this is easy. Manufacturers estimate the sale of 3,500,000 new cars in 1937. The dealer multiplies this by 1.8.)

He can expect also that most customers this year will buy used 1933 and '34 models. For the 1934 car, he will get an average of $300, for the 1933 automobile, $250. He knows also that the average price will be about $260. (This was the average cost of 2,300,000 used cars financed last year.) If the dealer has astute salesmen, they won't sell "used cars." They will sell "unused transportation." A good salesman seldom attempts to swing a used-car prospect to a new car, for the customer knows how much money he can spend and usually he has already shopped around. The salesman first discovers how much money the customer wants to spend, his financial circumstances. If the customer has $600 to spend, the salesman has a good chance of transferring him to a $700 new car. If the customer has about $300, a used-car sale is indicated.

For the driver in search of a used car, automobile men warn: Buy your used car from a franchised new-car dealer. This does not mean that all non-franchised used-car dealers are unreliable and are cheats. It does mean, however, that the dealer with a franchise is a community fixture, must rely on repeat sales, and can not afford to palm off a shoddy, reconditioned automobile. Furthermore, the buyer who feels he has been taken in by a franchised dealer can complain to the manufacturer. This will bring a factory representative to the scene in a hurry and the dealer must repair the car, return the money, or lose his franchise.

Dealers know that most customers are suspicious of used cars. Why did the previous owner trade it in? Furthermore, they fear that some indiscernible fault will come to the surface after the deal has been consummated. To overcome these fears, responsible dealers maintain service records of used automobiles in which the customer is interested and are thus able to show when the car was repaired and for what reason.

Doctors—But most car prospects are more innocent than suspicious. Veteran dealers caution: (a) fix the amount of money you can spend; (b) shop around; (c) get a demonstration, and, if possible, take around some one who knows cars; (d) in testing a car, listen carefully—your hearing can tell you many things; (e) you can learn most by driving slowly.

A customer who embarks on a hunt for the corner-lot used car must step even more warily. For here he may encounter the used-car "doctor," whose ingenuity in "doping" ill old crates is limited only by the number of problems which these cars present.

Recently *The Nation* looked into the gyp dealer's bag of tricks, warned prospects of some common ones.

The customer usually looks first at the speedometer. That's easy. A screw-driver in the hands of an expert swiftly reduces the mileage by half—or whatever is deemed safe.

If rust patches cover the car, the unscrupulous dealer merely sprays them with a fresh coat of paint. The customer, of course, is unaware of the rust patches beneath the paint. Soon they emerge like a blight.

"Doctors" can engrave convincing grooves on tires which are already worn out; they can tighten up brakes which grip during a demonstration, in spite of linings so thin that brake drums are being ground away. Completely irresponsible dealers, faced with a slipping clutch which

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even a novice can detect, "fix" it by slipping Fuller's earth through an oil hole in the transmission. In some cars, this temporarily cures the slipping.

If the bushings and king-pins are worn out, *The Nation* discovered, the "doctor" jacks up the car and throws ordinary sand into the bushings. The wheels stop shimmying. But soon the sand runs out, and the steering-wheel bucks like a broncho in the driver's hands.

Extremes—For the completely naive customer, the gyp dealer will resort to older and simpler stand-bys. He will, for example, pour ether into the gasoline. This removes carbon knocks and peps up the motor—while the ether lasts. Or the gyp may back a car up-hill to prove its power. Few of the uninitiated know that an automobile has greater power in reverse than in any other speed.

These, of course, are extreme dodges, resorted to by the marginal fringe that clings to dishonest automobile selling like barnacles to a ship.

Played on many buyers such tricks would be useless.

Some used-car buyers, particularly, drive shrewd bargains. These are the buyers who purchase nothing but used cars and, as a rule, buy those that are a year old. An automobile depreciates 40 per cent. the first year. Therefore they purchase a comparatively new used model on the premise that the new-car purchaser takes a loss.

To expedite the movement of used cars and to stabilize the used-car market generally, both dealers and manufacturers have tried numerous plans. Most regulatory schemes have failed, however, because some dealers refused to cooperate.

The so-called Boston plan sought to persuade dealers to send all used cars within a given area to a central appraisal office, and to adhere to prices established there. Another, the Windsor plan, called for used-car sales prices to be published like Stock Market quotations in order to give dealers and the public alike an idea of the market.

Under the NRA, trade-in allowance prices were fixed and violators risked criminal prosecution.

In Wisconsin, a Fair Trade Practise Act has revived the principles of the NRA code. It licenses dealers and imposes stringent used-car regulations.

Automobile manufacturers once offered bounties to dealers for destroying old cars. This plan was abandoned because it was found that unscrupulous dealers accepted bounties but did not junk the cars. Now the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce is pressing another bounty plan which contemplates setting up salvage yards which would issue certificates certifying the demolition of junked and "bountied" cars.

Tires—The problem of ancient and outworn tires causes another gigantic headache to the gentry who make their living from the automobile business.

There are thousands of automobile owners who operate cars on the shoestring basis and what little money they may have for the Sunday picnic drive must go for gasoline and oil. There is little left for the rubber that must carry the vehicle to its destination.

Result: the second-hand tire. The dealer in these picks up tires from trade-ins and from cars that have been smashed in wrecks. He generally sells them at what he can get. It isn't much and neither are the tires much.

TOUCH TECHNIQUE:

French Debt Detour Plan Balked by Johnson Act

Early last month, newspaper reporters in full cry after big news pounced upon a lean-faced voyager breakfasting in the Grande Suite de Luxe of the *Ile de France*.

The voyager was France's ace financial mind and newly-appointed Ambassador to the United States, Georges Etienne Bonnet. The big news lay locked beneath his almost-bald pate. Was he coming over to start settling France's debt to the United States? Or to make another touch?

Without gloves, the reporters went to work on the Ambassador. It was 7:15 A.M. Yet the envoy, a man of the world, showed no irritation and, as a matter of fact, was at his charming best. But all he would disclose to the forthright *Américains* was that his luggage contained a year's supply of truffles and champagne. Also, that he had come to work and study and "to see your beautiful country."

Of "your beautiful country," he saw very little in the next three weeks. He was too busy conferring with American officials behind closed doors.

Last week, the big news broke in the office of Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau.

Buying—Ambassador Bonnet, it appeared, had not come to make a touch. That would be unlawful. (The Johnson Act imposes a $10,000 fine and imprisonment up to five years on persons who buy or sell within the United States new bond issues of a country which has defaulted on debts to the United States.)

So instead of attempting to sell French bonds in the United States, the Bonnet mission sought to facilitate American buying of French bonds in Paris. Americans with funds in France could then purchase to their hearts' content, and the Johnson Act could not stop them. To speed these deals in Paris, Bonnet asked the United States to permit France to name an American banker, say J. P. Morgan and Co., to serve as fiscal agent in New York. This would permit Americans to buy bonds in Paris but collect interest in New York.

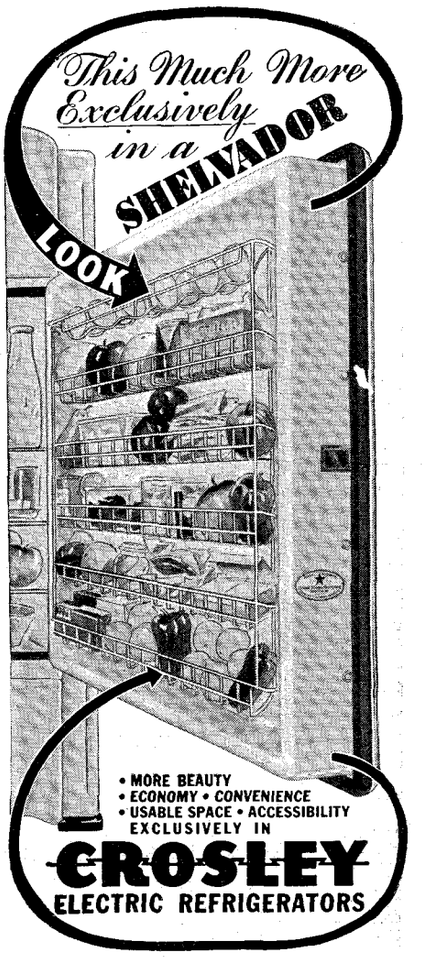
To the Government, apparently, this suggested a clever detour around the Johnson Act. Secretary Morgenthau, therefore, wished the Frenchmen the best of luck in floating their proposed loan. But he could not, he said, see his way clear to approve the appointment of a fiscal agent here.

United States Senators who had been fuming all week over the possible export of American capital to finance French rearmament cooled off. In Wall Street, bankers with foreign connections declared privately they did not believe the Johnson Act barred payment of coupons on new French bonds here. They hastened to add, however, that they could muster little enthusiasm for boosting a French loan.

Blow—Uncle Sam's coolness was a serious blow to French hopes of reorganizing strained finances. The Blum Government nevertheless proceeded to vote a 10,500,000,000 franc loan ($479,850,000) for national defense and for public works. The loan will be floated in bonds bearing interest coupons payable in pounds sterling, dollars, and francs.

Why was the French Government seeking to borrow abroad instead of relying on its own citizens?

The bonds were scheduled to carry 4



HERE'S a golden opportunity to win valuable prizes when you go fishing this spring and summer and fall.

Buy a copy of the April issue of FIELD & STREAM and read the full details of its 27th Annual National Prize Fishing Contest. Open to all: no entrance fee: 18 classes of fresh and salt water game fishes: many valuable prizes in each class. The greatest of all fishing contests: a national institution among anglers.

This issue will also give you hours of enjoyment and a raft of practical fishing, shooting and camping information. Zane Grey's account of taking huge and savage Gray Nurse sharks with rod and reel will give you a genuine thrill. Six other great articles about fishing: seven about shooting: eleven regular departments including beautiful rotogravure section devoted to motor trailers and their use.

John Taintor Foote, one of greatest living writers, will have another of his inimitable stories in the May issue, and another in July. More Zane Grey articles in June and August. Take advantage of the new low price; send this coupon now for an 8 months' trial subscription for the finest of all outdoor magazines.

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per cent. interest and to sell at a discount. In view of prevailing low interest rates in most European capital markets, such yield on a French bond provided an attractive investment.

The trouble lay in the question, to whom would the bonds be attractive? To Americans, looking over their own Government's 2½ per cent. long-term securities, the 4 per cent. French coupon certainly would be tempting. To Frenchmen, looking across the Rhine at a truculent Reich and south at an exploding Spain, French Government bonds would seem risky at any rate.

American officials and lawmakers refused to be concerned about France's problem. To them, the Johnson Act would be observed to the letter, and *Uncle Sam* would not again be the paymaster for a European conflagration—not, at least, until the last one had been paid for.

Ruse—That there is more than one way of skinning the Johnson Act cat, however, recently was indicated in the widely published "Merry-Go-Round" column of Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen. The alert authors of "Nine Old Men" gleefully unearthed an "innocuous announcement" of the Export-Import Bank. That institution, with the approval of the State Department, had advanced a $3,600,000 credit to the Italian textile industry (controlled by the Fascist Government) for the purchase of American cotton.

Altho officially the credit did not constitute a loan (which would have brought it into conflict with the Johnson Act), its extension from month to month could easily transform it into a long-term loan.

Two months ago, the "Merry-Go-Round" pointed out, the State Department sent a note to Italy reminding her of the defaulted War debt. Now the State Department was approving the borrowing of money here to finance Italian trade.

BIG JOB JOE: Joseph P. Kennedy to Guide Maritime Commission Through Teething

On the man-bites-dog principle, it is news when big business promptly applauds a White House choice of a man to head a potent Federal commission under the New Deal. Such news appeared last week and was duly head-lined. The President had named Joseph P. Kennedy as Chairman of the permanent new United States Maritime Commission, and big business was clapping its hands in hearty approval.

Three years ago, the President selected this same Joseph P. Kennedy to head the then new Securities and Exchange Commission, which was thereafter to regulate and police Wall Street. At that time also, business applauded, but many a New Deal partizan was skeptical because of Kennedy's previous identification with the Stock Market and with a variety of profitable ventures therein. When the Chairman resigned his job after a year's service, however, the skeptics had been silenced. He had succeeded surprizingly in adjusting Wall Street's new handcuffs and keeping it smiling when doing so.

Stepping out of the Securities and Exchange Commission in 1935, Joe Kennedy declared he was out of politics for the rest of his natural life. He turned his attention to business again, quickly perfected a financial reorganization plan for the Radio Corporation of America, earned a fee of $150,000 by so doing. But with that private chore done, he fell again under the spell of Rooseveltian persuasiveness, reluctantly undertook to do for the Administration's Maritime Commission what he had done for its SEC. He expects to do the trick within a year.

Chore — Maritime Commission problems, however, will be quite unlike those of Stock Market regimentation. The Commission's job under new laws will be to aid American shipping with direct subsidies in place of the present ocean mail contracts, to stimulate the building of new American ships through financial aid from the Government, to get rid of shipping lines now Government-owned, to regulate the wages and treatment of labor in the shipping industry. The basic purpose is to expand an American Merchant Marine that can and will compete with foreign bottoms in international trade.

Acme

Joseph P. Kennedy, ace business-resuscitator, will stimulate the American Merchant Marine

Joe Kennedy is picturesque. Son of a Boston politician, he sold candy on an excursion boat to carry himself through Harvard, later served as barker on his own sightseeing bus, at twenty-eight was President of Boston's Columbian Trust Company, the youngest bank president in the United States. He learned about stock and bond markets as an employee of Hayden, Stone and Company, about ship-building (during the World War) as Director of Operations in the Fore River plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company. Jumping into motion-pictures as the head of an international booking concern, he had much to do with combining the Radio Corporation and Keith-Albee organizations. For a time he was President of Pathé.

Most of his biographies stress the facts that he has nine children and is the son-in-law of that Mayor Fitzgerald, whom Boston calls "Honey Fitz," perpetuator of the song "Sweet Adeline."

When he agreed to head the Maritime Commission, Kennedy disclosed his ownership of 1,100 shares of Todd Shipyards, Inc., and also his purpose to sell it, so that there can be no question about his legal right to hold the position, altho government attorneys had ruled the sale unnecessary. Associated with him as Commissioners will be four practical men. Civilians Thomas M. Woodward, of Pennsylvania, and Edward C. Moran, Jr., of Maine, both have experience in Government shipping problems. Rear Admirals Henry A. Wiley and Emory S. Land are both well acquainted with the relation of the Government to the country's maritime service.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Rising costs of basic materials, plus advances in wage scales, have begun to push up prices of major finished products. Last week brought definite evidence of this when the three leading manufacturers—Underwood, Remington and Royal—announced a 5 per cent. boost in typewriter prices, effective April 1. At the same time, the Underwood management announced a wage advance at its Hartford plant, and it was disclosed that the two other companies had made upward pay adjustments. Various other industrial lines are expected to follow the lead of the typewriter makers in short order as a necessary consequence of sharply higher raw materials and imperative labor demands. In the motor industry, for example, higher steel and labor costs are estimated to have already added an average $30 to a car's production cost, and a general price advance with the introduction of 1938 models, if not before, is definitely indicated.

* * *

When the Stock Market climbed into new high ground last week, common stocks of industrial corporations recorded an average rise of about 400 per cent. from their low point of 1932. These were the stocks from which depression clipped 86 per cent. of the high market value in 1929. Their recovery has now carried them back to nearly 70 per cent. of that value. Some industrial groups have made greater recuperation than others. Beverage company stocks, for instance, are materially above their 1929 tops. Machinery and miscellaneous mining shares have scored all but full recovery. On the other hand, the coal, leather and silk groups, among others, have been conspicuously backward. It is noteworthy also that, according to the *Standard Statistics* index, railroad and utility company common stocks, altho sharing in market recovery in 1933, have since made practically no progress above their peaks of that year.

* * *

Fourth biggest market for American goods is Australasia. Tho well below heavy predepression trade, this lush antipodal area still is good for a volume of $10,000,000 monthly. Yankee business men think this could be doubled. Exceedingly rich natural resources are untapped. To tap them, first step is quickening transportation to Australia-New Zealand. So striking is air-transport's effect over ocean distances, men, mail and merchandise can scud 16,000 miles by air and steam between Australasia and America via Europe several days faster than this country is reachable by direct steamship route across the Pacific. To cure that, America's Pan American Airways last week began testing a flying laboratory over an uncharted sky-trail to Auckland, New Zealand. Before the year is out, Yankee traders will be tapping a new market four travel days from California, fifteen days faster than the best existing transport time.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

when its competitors also slip into good English, there is bound to be a superficial similarity. 5. Space prohibits. THE DIGEST will gladly supply them, however.—*Editor.*

Mass

By C. E. JAMESON—

I have my fears that THE LITERARY DIGEST is not digesting. You ask us to believe that at the recent Eucharistic Congress "mass was said daily in fourteen languages." Ask any Roman Catholic on the street whether mass is said anywhere in any language other than Latin. San Francisco, California.

Reports vary as to the number of languages in which mass is said, according to the Catholic Library of Information. Some give the number as eleven, others as fourteen. Among these languages are: Greek, Slavonic, Georgian, Syriat (Eastern and Western), Armenian, Arabic, Coptic, Magyar and Latin.—*Editor.*

Encyclopedia Digestia

By R. J. McCUTCHEON—

I believe I may be of help to E. S. Knight, who writes in your Mail Column of March 6 that he would like to compile a "Modern Encyclopedia" from your magazine.

For five cents, I bought at a five and ten cent store a 3x5 set of alphabetical index tabs and cards of the same size. Here I have the most elastic and useful word and information gatherer that one can imagine.

As soon as THE DIGEST arrives each week, I start a card with the name of the magazine and its date and index the main subjects, showing the page. I use THE DIGEST as a base for gathering general information on various subjects, for I know of nothing that covers current news and general information on the subjects reported with such a fund of properly used and vivid word pictures as does this publication.

Besides indexing the subjects, I record various words which interest me. Such as, "lallapalooza": LD 2-27-37; p32, 2-a (column 2, upper section of the page), or "pediculous": LD 2-27-37; p32, 1-a. Then I set down the dictionary definition and quote the passage in which it is used.

I have the magazines filed chronologically. Isn't this simpler and more quickly done than Mr. Knight's idea? Pueblo, Colorado.

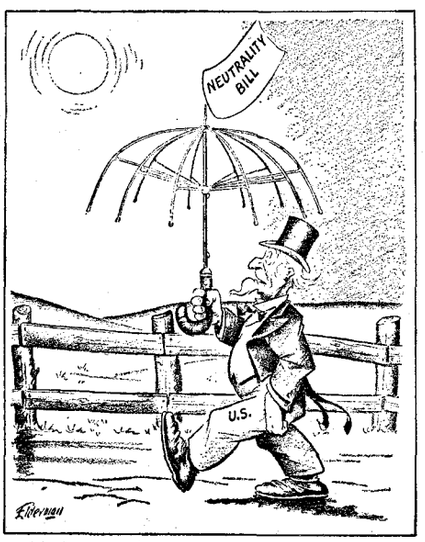
Correction

By HENRY L. WARD—

"Supply House for Dissecting Tables" in the issue of December 5 especially interested me as I was, as it were, born into the activities of Ward's Natural Science Establishment, founded by my father, Prof. Henry A. Ward, the year before my birth.

I think, for genealogical record, the statement that Frank Hawley Ward, Chairman of the Board, is a grandson of the founder, should be changed to read second cousin. The only living descendants of Prof. Henry A. Ward are my brother, Charles H. Ward; his son, Roswell; myself, my son, Henry S., and my daughter, now Mrs. P. H. Gillan.

Your article leaves the impression that there is only one Ward in Rochester engaged in this line of work, which, I understand, has caused a marked decrease in the mail of the Anatomical Laboratory of Charles H. Ward. Green Bay, Wisconsin.



"NOW LET IT RAIN"

—Elderman in Knoxville Journal

Did You Know—

That a knowledge of good English and how to speak it is the prime essential in making one's self an interesting "diner-outer" in America? (See page 24.)

That this week's DIGEST cover inaugurates a series done by one of the world's foremost lens magicians? (See page 23.)

That professional clothes models have to exercise as rigorously as athletes to hold their jobs? (See page 22.)

That you can now buy steel houses complete with electric wiring, plumbing pipes and blazing furnaces? (See page 18.)

That both George Santayana and President Roosevelt are being boomed for King of the United States? (See page 31.)

That a recent poll of Stanford University students showed that half of them do not frown on petting? (See page 30.)

That homing pigeons have been known to hit a mile-a-minute clip? (See page 17.)

We regret having become entangled in the branches of the Ward family tree, and hope for an increase in the Charles H. Ward mail. —*Editor.*

Hobbies

By W. SCOTT LEWIS—

The interesting article on hobbies which appeared recently in THE LITERARY DIGEST gave an excellent presentation of an important subject, but I wonder why mineral collecting was not mentioned.

Mineral collecting as a hobby has the advantages of taking its devotees into the fresh air and sunshine. It develops the mind because it offers endless possibilities for study, and it teaches one to recognize the various ores of value and thus leads to the discovery of new deposits.

The number of mineral and gem collectors is increasing rapidly, and schoolchildren are being interested in the collecting and studying of rocks and minerals of their locales. Hollywood, California.

AMORC

By R. M. LEWIS, Secretary, Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC—

On behalf of the Supreme Grand Lodge of the Ancient Mystical Order of Rosae Crucis, known as the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, I take this opportunity of thanking you kindly for the fair presentation of the facts with respect to the Rosicrucian Egyptian tour, in your February 13 issue.

The members who participated in the tour are men and women of every walk of life who are interested in philosophy, history, and knowledge of the ancient civilizations. The trip to Egypt to visit the sites of that civilization represents to them the realization of a lifelong dream. San José, California.

Power to Tax

By LEONARD LEWINSON—

In a short article dealing with "No Taxes" which appeared in the issue of February 13, you write that the United States Supreme Court in 1819 declared that "the power to tax is the power to destroy." The correct quotation is "the power to tax *involves* the power to destroy." There is a great distinction between the two statements, both legally and otherwise. Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Lewinson is correct. Chief Justice Marshall, delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of McCulloch *vs.* Maryland (The National Bank and State Taxation), stated that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy," but taxation "does not necessarily and unavoidably destroy."—*Editor.*

Luck in Hollywood

By THOMAS F. COLLISON—

I was enlightened and amused by your yarn anent Sam Briskin's program for training young hopefuls. My personal amusement at his line: "Luck is no good in Hollywood," arose from the following experience with him:

When I was working on a rural California newspaper I discovered an ancient Chinese weather prophet, one Gin Chow, whose prophecies had gained considerable notoriety in his own community, tho they often showed a marked contrast with those released by the Scripps Institute of Oceanography, a foundation of scientists given to expertizing weather.

Gin Chow was such a charming old character that I wrote a story about him for the Los Angeles *Sunday Times*. In that story Gin Chow gave his day-by-day weather forecast, predicted heavy rains would fall—this in contrast to the Scripps Scientists, who predicted a dry year.

But lo! the Scripps Guessographers were wrong. The skies opened and released their downpour almost every day Gin Chow had promised. Result: Gin Chow was the man of the hour. I conceived and edited a volume for him published as "Gin Chow's First Annual Almanac"—it was an instantaneous success. Gin Chow became the darling of southern California; he was dined, if not wined; he was breakfast-clubbed; he was Rotaried, Kiwanised, and Radioed.

Among the many extraordinary calls I had for his services was one from Sam Briskin, then of Columbia Pictures, who had been following to the letter Gin Chow's predictions. On the days the "Almanac" said "rain," Columbia made no plans to transport equipment into the field for outdoor shots. Conversely, on Gin Chow's clear days, "location" shots were planned with all confidence.

Briskin wanted to retain Gin Chow's services for a protracted period, but the negotiations did not loom as favorable to Gin Chow, and they were abandoned.

"Luck is no good in Hollywood."

Urbana, Illinois.

Records

By Dr. JOSEPH BROADMAN—

I note in your issue of February 6 an article about Photo Libraries in which you describe Microphotography as a possibility for the reduction of space needed to store records.

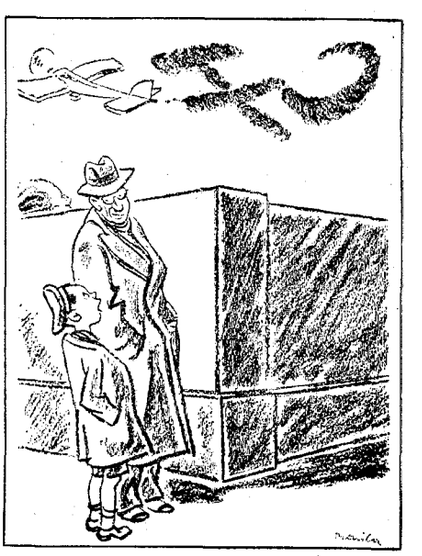
May I recall your attention to the fact *storage space is of perhaps less importance* than the preservation of original important records? Up to very recently, there was no method known which would preserve originals. Excuses could therefore be made for any efforts to preserve only photographs of records. Recently, however, a method has been developed which makes it possible to preserve originals.

According to a well-known testing laboratory, newsprint paper, when newly made, has a bursting strength of from 10 to 15 points, which rapidly falls as low as 5. The use of this new protected paper brings the bursting strength up to about 48 points. The results of accelerated aging tests apparently indicate that these processed sheets can be expected to have a very long life.

With this possibility in existence, I can see no reason why encouragement should be given to the preservation of photographs. Unless we preserve the originals themselves, records can easily be falsified.

New York City, New York.

Undoubtedly it is important to preserve original records, and thus Doctor Broadman's Process for the Preservation of Newsprint should be invaluable. But microphotography, as was pointed out in our article, fills another need—that of the reduction of space taken up by these records.—*Editor.*



"WHAT IS IT, DAD?" "SMOKE, MY BOY"

—Guerin Meschino, Milan

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Darn!—"Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

"No, and it's terribly exasperating. He just grins."—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Saved—"Gosh, I need five bucks and I don't know where to get it."

"I'm glad of that. I was afraid you thought you could get it from me."—*Bill Farnsworth in N. Y. Evening Journal.*

Boo!—"And this, I suppose, is one of those hideous caricatures you call modern art."

"Nope, that's just a mirror."—*Christian Register.*

Cute Kid—"If you are good, Richie, I'll give you this bright new penny."

"Haven't you got a dirty old nickel?"—*The Humorist (London).*

Yes!—"Mr. Brown, these are very small oysters you are selling me."

"Yes, ma'm."

"They don't appear to be very fresh, either."

"Then it's lucky they're small, ain't it?"—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

The Silent Partner—"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of the George and the Dragon. "D'yer think you could spare me one?"

"Certainly not!" bellowed the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp and slouched off; but a few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I have a few words with George?" queried the tramp.—*The Pas Northern Mail.*

Lucky—"John, John, wake up! There's somebody creeping up the stairs."

"Yeah? Whazza time?"

"It's half past two."

"Well, thank goodness it's not me this time."—*Montreal Star.*

Le Mot Juste—They were talking of cracks from peanut heaven in other theatrical days, when the galleryites not only called out remarks, but often brought fruit for pitching purposes. It was at Daly's and the house was being seated when about the baldest man ever seen came down to a front-row seat, his head taking on the shine of a billiard-ball. It loomed like a lighthouse in a fog. Finally a voice up yonder piped, "Anyway, it's neat!"—*O. O. McIntyre in N. Y. American.*

Like a Road Map—"What's the matter, Rastus? You look as mad as a wet hen."

"Why shouldn't Ah be? Th' doctuh what operated on me foh pendicitus went an' sewed me up wif white thread."—*Brooklyn Central.*

Ho, Hum—An English tourist was on his first visit to Niagara Falls, and the guide was trying to impress him with its magnificence.

"Grand," suggested the guide.

The visitor did not seem much impressed.

"Millions of gallons a minute," explained the guide.

"How many in a day?" asked the tourist.

"Oh, billions and billions," answered the guide.

The visitor looked across, and down and up, as if gaging the flow. Then he turned away with a shrug, apparently unaffected.

"Runs all night, too, I suppose," he remarked.—*Wall Street Journal.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Keogh—Yale librarian—rimes with *Leo.*

Laughlin, G. A.—Wheeling publisher—he calls it *lock'lin.*

Laughlin, I. — diplomat — prefers *loch'lin.*

MacDonagh—Irish journalist—calls it *mac-dun'na.*

McGehee—dental educator—hard *g*: *mac-gee'hee.*

McMechan—medical editor—in Ireland, *mac-may'kin;* in America, *mac-mick'en.*

Mahan—President, Creighton Univ.—first *a* of *mat; ma'h'n.*

Tehon—Illinois botanist—the Irish was *tay'h'n;* but he answers to *tee-hon, te-hone',* and *tay-hone'.*

Slips That Pass in Type

SWAP—About 30 pounds of hand-sewn carpet rags for hens to eat.—*Wellsville (N. Y.) paper.*

Our hens prefer corn.

Shirley Temple in "Stowaway" plays the rôle of an orphaned wife adrift in China, a victim of bandits.—*Asheville (N. C.) paper.*

More child marriages?

LOST—IN SANDWICH, SMALL BEAGLE Hound (female), black, white and tan. Reward.—*New Bedford (Mass.) paper.*

Hot dog in a roll?

It is this play for which New York dramatic critics circle awarded Anderson a plague signalizing his work as the best of the year.—*Springfield (Mass.) paper.*

It's ingratitude, that's what it is.

Man Shakes Tiny Baby Who Bit Him to Death.—*Passaic (N. J.) paper.*

Ferocious child.

Clean, Comfortable Rooms Home Cooked Food

Reasonable Rats—*New Port Richey (Fla.) paper.*

We're moving right in. Ours won't listen to any arguments.

Nor must you be a Chinese chef to master the secret of a rice ring with creamed bee. Rely, not on magic, but on this recipe.—*La Porte (Ind.) paper.*

We'll keep our magic, thanks.

Elegantly furnished 4 bedroom, 2 bath, 2 servants, both decorated in light colors.—*Palm Beach (Fla.) paper.*

No pastel war-paint, thank you.

Curses suggested by hundreds of persons had failed to-day to bring relief to Miss E.—— P.—— who has been hiccoughing steadily for seven days.—*Phoenix (Ariz.) paper.*

They probably relieved her mind, tho.

A taxi drunk was presented to the retiring president in behalf of the members.—*Detroit (Mich.) paper.*

New variety of bender.

A drug inspector of the county health department appeared in court and exerted influenza in behalf of the defendant.—*Los Angeles (Calif.) paper.*

Get a grippe on yourself, brother.

BETWEEN THE LINES

Every American wants a car of his own almost as much as he wants his own home. To travel with his own wheels under him, he pinches and stints that the family may have happy times together.

Not every one can afford a new motor-car. Many a one must buy what his more fortunate fellow man casts off. Thus, ruminated THE LITERARY DIGEST Managing Editor, driving along New York's suburban highways with his family one week-end afternoon, does the used-car mart satisfy the craving of millions of Americans to go places at leisure.

To the Financial Editor he suggested a story on the biggest branch of the automotive industry: Used cars, for he knew that almost two oldsters are sold for every new automobile.

Researchers went on the job, digging up facts and statistics. At first, the outlook was disheartening. No one seemed to bother about collecting data on second-hand car sales. One researcher began combing through the scarlet-backed Classified Telephone Directory. Not one firm dealing in automotive equipment skipped his eye as he noted down dozens of addresses.

There were trade journal editors to see, such as those of *Automobile Topics* and *Automotive Daily News,* out in Detroit, where there is a DIGEST bureau. There, too, the National Automobile Dealers' Association was ready and willing to provide statistical and background material.

A United Press correspondent interviewed another trade journal editor in Philadelphia, while a DIGEST researcher talked with the General Manager of the Automobile Merchants' Association in New York. Then, passing by a Ford agency, the researcher went in, began chatting with the salesman who dealt in used cars, found he was talking with a man who had been in the used car business for himself before he lost his money.

Another researcher, calling on the Chief Statistician for the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, was introduced in a few minutes to another caller who had been collecting facts and figures on used cars for two decades. He went to this expert's office, examined a whole drawerful of surveys going back ten and fifteen years.

If this voluminous data were not enough, the Financial Editor, who wrote the story appearing on page 36, has his own experience to draw upon. He's operated three used cars himself, including his first, which, three times, lost its rear end.

Used cars are better to-day, and THE DIGEST, as usual, tells you how and why.

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